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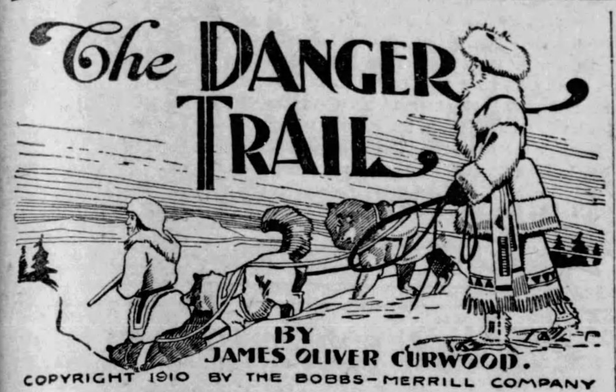

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

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CHAPTER V.

Howland's Midnight Visitor.

For a moment after the swift passing of the sledge it was on Howland's lips to shout Croisett's name; as he thrust Gregson aside and leaped out into the night he was impelled with a desire to give chase, to overtake in some way the two people who, within the space of forty-eight hours, had become so mysteriously associated with his own life, and who were now escaping him again.

It was Gregson who recalled him to his senses.

"I thought you didn't care for theatres—and girls, Howland," he exclaimed banteringly, repeating Howland's words of a few minutes before. "A pretty face affects you a little differently up here, eh? Well, after you've been in this fag-end of the universe for a month or so you'll learn—"

Howland interrupted him sharply.

"Did you ever see either of them before, Gregson?"

"Never until today. But there's hope, old man. Surely we can find some one in the place who knows them. Wouldn't it be jolly good fun if Jack Howland, Esquire, who has never been interested in theatres and girls, should come up into these God-forsaken regions and develop a case of love at first sight? By the Great North Trail, I tell you it may not be as uninteresting for you as it has been for Thorne and me! If I had only seen her sooner—"

"Shut up!" growled Howland, betraying irritability for the first time. "Let's go in to supper."

"Good. And I move that we investigate these people while we are smoking our after-supper cigars. It will pass our time away, at least."

"Your taste is good, Gregson," said Howland, recovering his good-humor as they seated themselves at one of the rough board tables in the dining-room. Inwardly he was convinced it would be best to keep to himself the incidents of the past two days and nights. "It was a beautiful face."

"And the eyes!" added Gregson, his own gleaming with enthusiasm. "She looked at me squarely this afternoon when she and that dark fellow passed, and I swear they're the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. And her hair—"

"Do you think that she knew you?" asked Howland quietly.

Gregson hunched his shoulders.

"How the deuce could she know me?"

"Then why did she look at you so 'squarely?' Trying to flirt, do you suppose?"

Surprise shot into Gregson's face.

"By thunder, no, she wasn't flirting!" he exclaimed. "I'd stake my life on that. A man never got a clearer, more sinless look than she gave me, and yet— Why, deuce take it, she stared at me! I didn't see her again after that, but the dark fellow was in here half of the afternoon, and now that I come to think of it he did show some interest in me. Why do you ask?"

"Just curiosity," replied Howland. "I don't like flirts."

"Neither do I," said Gregson mustingly. Their supper came on and they conversed but little until its end. Howland had watched his companion closely and was satisfied that he knew nothing of Croisset or the girl. The fact puzzled him more than ever. How Gregson and Thorne, two of the best engineers in the country, could voluntarily surrender a task like the building of the Hudson Bay railroad simply because they were "tired of the country" was more than he could understand.

It was not until they were about to leave the table that Howland's eyes accidentally fell on Gregson's left hand. He gave an exclamation of astonishment when he saw that the little finger was missing. Gregson jerked the hand to his side.

"A little accident," he explained. "You'll meet 'em up here, Howland."

Before he could move, the young engineer had caught his arm and was looking closely at the hand.

"A curious wound," he remarked, without looking up. "Funny I didn't notice it before. Your finger was cut lengthwise, and here's the scar running half way to your wrist. How did you do it?"

He dropped the hand in time to see a nervous flush in the other's face.

"Why—er—fact is, Howland, it was shot off several months ago—in an accident, of course." He hurried through the door, continuing to speak over his shoulder as he went. "Now for those after-supper cigars and our investigation."

As they passed from the dining-room into that part of the inn which was half bar and half lounging-room, already filled with smoke and a dozen or so picturesque citizens of Le Pas, the rough-jowled proprietor of the place motioned to Howland and held out a letter.

"This came while you was at supper, Mr. Howland," he explained.

The engineer gave an inward start when he saw the writing on the envelope, and as he tore it open he turned so that Gregson could see neither his face nor the slip of paper which he drew forth. There was no name at the bottom of what he read. It was not necessary, for a glance had told him that the writing was that of the girl whose face he had seen again that night; and her words to him this time, despite his caution, drew a low whistle from his lips.

"Forgive me for what I have done," the note ran. "Believe me now. Your life is in danger and you must not go back to Etomami tomorrow. If you go to the Wekusko camp you will not live to come back."

"The devil!" he exclaimed.

"What's that?" asked Gregson, edging around him curiously.

Howland crushed the note in his hand and thrust it into one of his pockets.

"A little private affair," he laughed. "Come, Gregson, let's see what we can discover."

In the gloom outside one of his hands slipped under his coat and rested on the butt of his revolver. Until ten o'clock they mixed casually among the populace of Le Pas. Half a hundred people had seen Croisset and his beautiful companion, but no one knew anything about them. They had come that forenoon on a sledge, had eaten their dinner and supper at the cabin of a Scotch tie-cutter named MacDonald, and had left on a sledge.

"She was the sweetest thing I ever saw," exclaimed Mrs. MacDonald rapturously. "Only she couldn't talk. Two or three times she wrote things to me on a slip of paper."

"Couldn't talk!" repeated Gregson, as the two men walked leisurely back to the boarding house. "What the deuce do you suppose that means, Jack?"

"I'm not supposing," replied Howland indifferently. "We've had enough of this pretty face, Gregson. I'm going to bed. What time do we start in the morning?"

"As soon as we've had breakfast—if you're anxious."

"I am. Good night."

Howland went to his room, but it was not to sleep. For hours he sat wide-awake, smoking cigar after cigar, and thinking. One by one he went over the bewildering incidents of the past two days. At first they had stirred his blood with a certain exhilaration—a spice of excitement which was not at all unpleasant; but with this excitement there was now a peculiar sense of oppression. The attempt that had already been made on his life together with the persistent warnings for him to return into the south began to have their effect. But Howland was not a man to surrender to his fears, if they could be called fears. He was satisfied that a mysterious peril of some kind awaited him at the camp on the Wekusko, but he gave up trying to fathom the reason for this peril, accepting in his businesslike way the fact that it did exist, and that in a short time it would probably explain itself. The one puzzling factor which he could not drive out of his thoughts was the girl. Her sweet face haunted him. At every turn he saw it—now over the table in the opium den, now in the white starlight of the trail, again as it had looked at him for an instant from the sledge. Vainly he strove to discover for himself the lurking of sin in the pure eyes that had seemed to plead for his friendship, in the soft lips that had lied to him because of their silence. "Please forgive me for what I have done—" He unfolded the crumpled note and read the words again and again. "Believe me now—" She knew that he knew that she had lied to him, that she had lured him into the danger from which she now wished to save him. His cheeks burned. If a thousand perils threatened him on the Wekusko he would still go. He would meet the girl again. Despite his strongest efforts he found it impossible to destroy the vision of her beautiful face. The eyes, soft with appeal; the red mouth, quivering, and with lips parted as if about to speak to him; the head as he had looked down on it with its glory of shining hair—all had burned themselves on his soul in a picture too deep to be eradicated. If the wilderness was interesting to him before it was doubly so now because that face was a part of it, because the secret of its life, of the misery that it had half confessed to him, was hidden somewhere out in the black mystery of the spruce and balsam forests.

He went to bed, but it was a long time before he fell asleep. It seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his eyes when a pounding on the door aroused him and he awoke to find the early light of dawn creeping through the narrow window of his room. A few minutes later he joined Gregson, who was ready for breakfast.

"The sledge and dogs are waiting," he greeted. As they seated themselves at the table he added, "I've changed my mind since last night, Howland. I'm not going back with you. It's absolutely unnecessary for Thorne can put you onto everything at the camp, and I'd rather lose six months' salary than take that sledge ride again. You won't mind, will you?"

Howland shrugged his shoulders.

"To be honest, Gregson, I don't believe you'd be particularly cheerful company. What sort of fellow is the driver?"

"We call him Jackpine—a Cree Indian—and he's the one faithful slave of Thorne and myself at Wekusko. Hunts for us, cooks for us and watches after things generally. You'll like him all right."

Howland did. When they went out to the sledge after their breakfast he gave Jackpine a hearty grip of the hand and the Cree's dark face lighted up with something like pleasure when he saw the enthusiasm in the young engineer's eyes. When the moment for parting came Gregson pulled his companion a little to one side. His eyes shifted nervously, and Howland saw that he was making a strong effort to assume an indifference which was not at all Gregson's natural self.

"Just a word, Howland," he said. "You know this is a pretty rough country up here—some tough people in it, who wouldn't mind cutting a man's throat or sending a bullet through him for a good team of dogs and a rifle. I'm just telling you this so you'll be on your guard. Have Jackpine watch your camp nights."

He spoke in a low voice and cut himself short when the Indian approached. Howland seated himself in the middle of the six-foot toboggan, waved his hand to Gregson, then, with a wild halloo and a snapping of his long caribou-gut whip, Jackpine started his dogs on a trot down the street, running close beside the sledge. Howland had lighted a cigar, and, leaning back in a soft mass of furs, began to enjoy his new experience hugely. Day was just fairly breaking over the forests when they turned into the white trail, already beaten hard by the passing of many dogs, that led from Le Pas for a hundred miles to the camp on the Wekusko. As they struck the trail the dogs strained harder at teh traces, with Jackpine's whip curling and snapping over their backs until they were leaping swiftly and with unbroken rhythm of motion over the snow. Then the Cree gathered in his whip and ran close to the leader's flank, his moccasined feet taking the short, quick, light steps of the trained forest runner, his chest thrown a little out, his eyes on the twisting trail ahead. It was a glorious ride, and in the exhilaration of it Howland forgot to smoke the cigar that he held between his fingers. His blood thrilled to the tireless effort of the grayish-yellow pack of magnificent brutes ahead of him; he watched the muscular play of their backs and legs, the eager out-reaching of their wolfish jaws, and from them he looked at Jackpine. There was no effort in his running. His black hair swept back from the gray of his cap; like the dogs, there was music in his movement, the beauty of strength, of endurance, of manhood born to the forests, and when the dogs finally stopped at the foot of a huge ridge, panting and half-exhausted, Howland quickly leaped from the sledge and for the first time spoke to the Indian.

"That was glorious, Jackpine!" he cried. "But, good lord, man you'll kill the dogs!"

Jackpine grinned.

"They go sixt' mile in day lak dat," he grinned.

"Sixty miles!"

In his admiration for the wolfish-looking beasts that were carrying him through the wilderness, Howland put out a hand to stroke one of them on the head. With a warning cry, the Indian jerked him back just as the dog snapped at the extended hand.

"No touch huskie!" he exclaimed. "Heem half wolf—half dog—work hard but no lak to be touch!"

"Wow!" exclaimed Howland. "And they're the sweetest looking pups I ever laid eyes on. I'm certainly running up against some strange things in this country!"

He was dead tired when night came. And yet never in all his life had he enjoyed a day so much as this one. Twenty times he had joined Jackpine in running beside the sledge. In their intervals of rest he had even learned to snap the thirty-foot caribou-gut lash of the dog-whip. Hhe had asked a hundred questions, had insisted on Jackpine's smoking a cigar at every stop, and had been so happy and so altogether companionable that half of the Cree's hereditary reticence had been swept away before his unbounded enthusiasm. He helped to build their balsam shelter for the night, ate a huge supper of moose meat, hot-stone biscuits, beans and coffee, and then, just as he had stretched himself out in his furs for the night, he remembered Gregson's warning. He sat up and called to Jackpine, who was putting a fresh log on the big fire in front of the shelter:

"Gregson told me to be sure and have the camp guarded at night, Jackpine. What do you think about it?"

The Indian turned with a queer chuckle, his leathery face wrinkled in a grin.

"Gregson—heem ver' much 'fraid," he replied. "No bad man here—all down there and in camp. We kep' watch evr' night. Heem 'fraid—I guess so, mebby."

"Afraid of what?"

For the moment Jackpine was silent, half bending over the fire. Then he held out his left hand, with the little finger doubled out of sight, and pointed to it with his other hand.

"Mebby heem finger ax'dent—mebby not," he said.

A dozen eager questions brought no further suggestions from Jackpine. In fact, no sooner had the words fallen from his driver's lips than Howland saw that the Indian was sorry he had spoken them. What he had said strengthened the conviction which was slowly growing within him. He had wondered at Gregson's strange demeanor, his evident anxiety to get out of the country, and last at his desire not to return to the camp on the Wekusko with him. There was but one solution that came to him. In some way which he could not fathem Gregson was associated with the mystery which enveloped him, and adding the senior engineer's nervousness to the significance of Jackpine's words he was confident that the missing finger had become a factor in the enigma. How should he find Thorne? Surely he would give him an explanation—if there was an explantion to give. Or was it possible that they would leave him without warning to face a situation which was driving them back to civilization?

He went to sleep, giving no further thought to the guarding of the camp. A piping hot breakfast was ready when Jackpine awakened him, and once more the exhilarating excitement of their swift race through the forests relieved him of the uncomfortable mental tension under which he began to find himself. During the whole of the day Jackpine urged the dogs almost to the limit of their endurance, and early in the afternoon assured his companion that they would reach the Wekusko by nightfall. It was already dark when they came out of the forest into a broad stretch of cutting, beyond which Howland caught the glimmer of scattered lights. At the farther edge of the clearing the Cree brought his dogs to a halt close to a large log-built cabin half sheltered among the trees. It was situated several hundred yards from the nearest of the lights ahead, and the unbroken snow about it showed that it had not been used as a habitation for some time. Jackpine drew a key from his pocket and without a word unlocked and swung open the heavy door.

Damp, cold air swept into the faces of the two as they stood for a moment peering into the gloom. Howland could hear the Cree chuckling in his inimitable way as he struck a match, and as a big hanging oil lamp flared slowly into light he turned a grinning face to the engineer.

"Gregson um Thorne—heem mak' thees cabin when first kam to camp," he said softly. "No be near much noise—fine place in woods where be quiet nights. Live here time—then Gregson um Thorne go live in camp. Say to far 'way from man. But that not so. Thorne 'fraid—Gregson 'fraid—"

He hunched his shoulders again as he opened the door of the big box stove in the room.

Howland asked no questions, but stared about him. Everywhere he saw evidences of the taste and one-time tendancies of the two senior engineers. Heavy bear rugs lay on the board floor; the log walls, hewn almost to polished smoothness, were hung with half a dozen pictures; in one corner was a bookcase still filled with books, in another a lounge covered with furs, and in this side of the room was a door which Howland supposed must open into a sleeping apartment. A fire was roaring in the big stove before he finished his inspection and as he squared his shivering back to the heat he pulled out his pipe and smiled cheerfully at Jackpine.

"Afraid, eh? And am I to stay here?"

"Gregson um Thorne say yes."

"Well, Jackpine, you just hustle over to the camp and tell Thorne I'm here, will you?"

For a moment the Indian hesitated, then went out and closed the door after him.

"Afraid!" exclaimed Howland when he had gone. "Now what the devil are they afraid of? It's deuced queer, Gregson—and ditto, Thorne. If you're not the cowards I'm half believing you to be you won't leave me in the dark to face something from which you are running away."

He lighted a small lamp and opened the door leading into the other room. It was, as he had surmised, the sleeping chamber. The bed, a single chair and a mirror and stand were its sole furnishings.

Returning to the larger room, he threw off his coat and hat and seated himself comfortably before the fire. Ten minutes later the door opened and Jackpine entered. He was supporting another figure by the arm, and as Howland stared into the bloodless face of the man who came with him, he could not repress the exclamation of astonishment which rose to his lips. Three months before he had last seen Thorne in Chicago; a man in the prime of life, powerfully built, as straight as a tree, the most efficient and highest paid man in the company's employ. How often had he envied Thorne! For years he had been his ideal of a great engineer. And now—

He stood speechless. Slowly, as if the movement gave him pain, Thorne slipped off the great fur coat from his shoulders. One of his arms was suspended in a sling. His huge shoulders were bent, his eyes wild and haggard. That smile that came to his lips as he held out a hand to Howland gave to his death-white face an appearance even more ghastly.

"Hello, Jack!" he greeted. "What's the matter, man? Do I look like a ghost?"

"What is the matter, Thorne? I found Gregson half dying at Le Pas, and now you—

"It's a wonder you're not reading my name on a little board slap instead of seeing yours truly in flesh and blood, Jack," laughed Thorne nervously. "A ton of rock, man—a ton of rock, and I was under it!"

Over Thorne's shoulder the young engineer caught a glimpse of the Cree's face. A dark flash had shot into his eyes. His teeth gleamed for an instant between his tense lips in something that might have been a sneer.

Thorne sat down, rubbing his hands before the fire.

"We've been unfortunate, Jack," he said slowly. "Gregson and I have had the worst kind of luck since the day we struck this camp, and we're no onger fit for the job. It will take us six months to get on our feet again You'll find everything here in good condition. The line is blazed straight to the bay; we've got three hundred good men, plenty of supplies, and so far as I know you'll not find a disaffected hand on the Wekusko. Probably Gregson and I will take hold of the Le Pas end of the line in the spring. It's certainly up to you to build the roadway to the bay."

"I'm sorry things have gone badly," replied Howland. He leaned forward until his face was close to his companion's. "Thorne, is there a man up here named Croisset—or a girl called Meleese?"

He watched the senior engineer closely. Nothing to confirm his suspicions came into Thorne's face. Thorne looked up, a little surprised at the tone of the other's voice.

"Not that I know of, Jack. There may be a man named Croisset among our 300 workers—you can tell by looking at the payroll. There are 15 or 20 married men among us, and they have families. Gregson knows more about the girls than I. Anything particular?"

"Just a word I've got for them—if they're here," replied Howland carelessly. "Are those my quarters?"

"If you like them. When I got hurt we moved up among the men. Brought us into closer touch with the working end, you know."

"You and Gregson must have been laid up at about the same time," said the young engineer. "That was a painful wound of Gregson's. I wonder who the deuce it was shot him? Funny that a man like Gregson should have an enemy!"

Thorne sat up with a jerk. There came the rattle of a pan from the stove, and Howland turned his head in time to see Jackpine staring at him as though he had exploded a mine under his feet.

"Who shot him?" gasped the senior engineer. "Why—er—didn't Gregson tell you that it was an accident?"

"Why should he lie, Thorne?"

A faint flush swept into the other's pallid face. For a moment there was a penetrating glare in his eyes as he looked at Howland. Jackpine still stood silent and motionless beside the stove.

"He told me it was an accident," said Thorne at last.

"Funny," was all that Howland said, turning to the Indian as though the matter was of no importance. "Ah, Jackpine, I'm glad to see the coffeepot on. I've got a box of the blackest and mildest Porto Ricans you ever laid eyes on in my kit, Thorne, and we'll open 'em up for a good smoke after supper. Hello, why have you got boards nailed over that window?"

For the first time Howland noticed that the thin muslin curtain, which he thought had screened a window, concealed in place of a window, a carefully fitted barricade of plank. A sudden thrill shot through him as he rose to examine it. With his back toward Thorne he said, half laughing, "Perhaps Gregson was afraid that the fellow who clipped his finger off would get him through the window, eh?"

He pretended not to perceive the effect of his words on the senior engineer. The two sat down to supper and for an hour after they had finished they smoked and talked on the business of the camp. It was 10 o'clock when Thorne and Jackpine left the cabin.

No sooner had they gone than Howland closed and barred the door lighted another cigar and began pacing rapidly up and down the room. Already there were developments. Gregson had lied to him about his finger. Thorne had lied to him about his own injuries, whatever they were. He was certain of these two things—and of more. The two senior engineers were not leaving the Wekusko because of mere dissatisfaction with the work and country. They were fleeing. And for some reason they were keeping from him the real motive for their flight. Was it possible that they were deliberately sacrificing him in order to save themselves? He could not bring himself to believe this, notwithstanding the evidence against them. Both were men of irreproachable honor.

Thorne, especially, was a man of indomitable nerve—a man who would be the last in the world to prove treacherous to a business associate or a friend. He was sure that neither of them knew of Croisset or of the beautiful girl whom he had met at Prince Albert, which led him to believe that there were other characters in the strange plot in which he had become involved besides those whom he had encountered on the Great North Trail. Again he examined the barricaded window and he was more than ever convinced that his chance hit at Thorne had struck true

He was tired from his long day's travel, but little inclination to sleep came to him, and stretching himself out on the lounge, with his head and shoulders bolstered up with furs, he continued to smoke and think. He was surprised when a little clock tinkled the hour of 11. He had not seen the clock before. Now he listened to the faint, monotonous ticking it made close to his head until he felt an impelling drowsiness creeping over him and he closed his eyes. He was almost asleep when it struck again, softly, and yet with sufficient loudness to arouse him. It had struck 12.

With an effort Howland overcame his drowsiness and dragged himself to a sitting posture, knowing that he should undress and go to bed. The lamp was still burning brightly and he arose to turn down the wick. Suddenly he stopped. To his dulled senses there came distinctly the sound of a knock at the door. For a few moments he waited, silent and motionless. It came again, louder than before, and yet there was in it something of caution. It was not the heavy tattoo of one who had come to awaken him on a matter of business.

Who could be his midnight visitor? Softly Howland went back to his heavy coat and slipped his small revolver into his hip pocket. The knock came again. Then he walked to the door, shot back the bolt, and, with h's right hand gripping the butt of his pistol, flung it wide open

For a moment he stood transfixed, staring speechlessly at a white, startled face lighted up by the glow of the oil lamp. Bewildered to the point of dumbness, he backed slowly, holding the door open, and there entered the one person in all the world he most wished to see—she who had become so strangely a part of his life since that first night at Prince Albert, and whose sweet face was holding a deeper meaning for him with every hour that he lived. He closed the door and turned, still without speaking; and, impelled by a sudden spirit that sent the blood thrilling through his veins, he held out both hands to the girl for whom he now knew that he was willing to face all the perils that might await him between civilization and the bay.

(To be continued.)

STATE GOVERNORS

	Plurality
Alabama—Emmett O'Neal (D.)	50,000
California—Hiram W. Johnson (R.)	25,000
Colorado—John F. Shafroth (R.)	15,000
Connecticut—Simeon E. Baldwin (D.)	3,500
Idaho—James H. Brady (R.)	1,000
Iowa—B. F. Carroll (R)	5,000
Kansas—W. R. Stubbs (R.)	5,000
Massachusetts—Eugene N. Foss (D.)	32,987
Michigan—Chase S. Osborne (R.)	40,000
Minnesota—A. O. Eberhart (R.)	73,000
Nebraska—Chester H. Aldrich (R.)	18,000
New Hampshire—Robert P. Bass (R.)	7,000
New Jersey—Woodrow Wilson (D.)	30,000
New York—John A. Dix (D.)	66,000
North Dakota—John Burke (D.)	3,000
Ohio—Judson Harmon (D.)	100,000
Oklahoma—Lee Cruce (D.)	
Oregon—Jay Bowerman (R.)	5,000
Pennsylvania—J. K. Tener (R.)	12,000
Rhode Island—Abram J. Pothier (R.)	903
South Carolina—Soleman J. Blease (D.)	60,000
South Dakota—James H. Vesey (R.)	12,000
Tennessee—Ben W. Hooper (Ind. D.)	16,903
Texas—O. P. Colquitt (D.)	130,000
Wisconsin—Francis E. McGovern (R.)	15,000
Wyoming—Joseph M. Carey (D.)	5,000

A Great Artist's Great Hat.

Brooklyn Life.

A very great artist in New York wears a very large hat when painting portraits. So wide is the brim that his brushes must have long handles. He is obliged to have them made to order. The brim keeps him at a judicious distance from his canvas, makes his work broader, but it takes charity in a generous measure to believe that he wears the hat for the sake of his painting.

William Morris converted those of fine mind among his contemporaries to the belief that nothing should be placed in a home unless to serve some practical purpose, that things for use should be useful but that there should be no ornaments for garniture simply. How much we need such a theory now in dress! The hat of this great artist, with its brim so wide that only with long handled brushes can he reach his canvas, is only an aggravated form of the absurd vanities now prevalent in Greater New York.

WHERE THE BEST CROPS GROW

In a publication issued by the International Institute of Agriculture, in Rome, Italy, the differences between the countries which produce wheat, in important quantities, in various parts of the world, in respect to the average yield on a given area, are very graphically set forth. Not only are the best obtainable figures given, but their message is made plainer by the use of charts.

The comparisons are not limited to Europe and America. They include not only Australia and New Zealand, but South America, British India, Japan and Siberia. There are striking contrasts between continents and separate countries.

The point which may fairly be considered most significant is the demonstration of the general rule that the yield of wheat, in proportion to the acreage sown, is not greatest in new countries where the soil has been cropped only for a relatively short time, but in Europe, where it has been used longer than anywhere else, except in some districts of Asia and a few small parts of Africa.

By contrast with Europe, the yield in America, Australia and South America is extremely small, acre for acre. The soil is evidently more productive where it has been tilled for many centuries than it is where its use is measured by decades instead. Care in cultivation and especially in fertilizing the soil more than offsets the natural advantages of comparatively new lands.

Europe's superiority in this vital point of getting large average crops off a given acreage would be greater if it were not for the low yield in European Russia. That country, much the most extensive in Europe, grows the largest wheat crop on the continent, by a very wide margin, but it is extremely poor, as things go in Europe, in respect to the yield measured by the area sown.

It is not where great plains, easy to till, with deep alluvial soil and all the natural conditions favorable to farming operations on a large scale, that wheat returns the best yield to the acre. On the contrary, the average product is greatest, in proportion to the area under cultivation. In countries where nature enforces careful, patient work of crops are to be made at all successful.

In the last five years the highest yield of wheat has been in Denmark. There it has averaged over 41 bushels to the acre, though Denmark is small, damp, and not at all the place where the hasty observer would expect to find record-breaking crops. Next to Denmark come two of its small neighbors, Holland and Belgium, both similar to Denmark in many characteristics, the Netherlands more so than Belgium.

Great Britain and Ireland follow the low countries in respect to the average productiveness of their wheat fields, and again the comparatively unfavorable apparent conditions are more than offset by careful cultivation and liberal fertilizing. New Zealand is the only new country which stands with the British Isles in respect to its average wheat yield, and New Zealand is a group of three islands, one of which hardly counts, where there are many mountains and valleys and comparatively few plains.

At the opposite extreme in respect to the yield of wheat are the countries where that grain is grown on the largest scale, where the great plains are most inviting to the plow and the operations of farmers are most likely to be carried on with much use of machinery. This country is such a land of big crops, with a low average yield on a given acreage. Australia is another and Argentina a third. Canada, with its wide wheat fields in the northwest, is of the same class. Siberia is another country where the yield of grain is large in proportion to the number of farmers, but very small if measured by the number of acres on which crops are raised.

At the very bottom of the list of wheat-growing countries, in the average yield relatively to the area sown and reaped, is Russia, and the Russian wheat crop is the largest in the world except that of the United States. Once, at least, in the last few years, it overtopped the American crop.

British India is the fourth country of the world in the size of its crop, but in the average yield to the acre it is beaten two and one-half to one by Germany and Sweden. France uses 15 per cent more land than Argentina for wheat-growing but produces more than twice as many bushels.

In the light of these facts it is clear that the careful cultivation and fertilization of the soil, in a small way, if necessary, far surpasses the large but often wasteful operations of owners of vast tracts of land, in the degree of productiveness which is attained. Work and painstaking can do wonders in big crops where the natural conditions are not especially favorable to farming.

How Congress Stands on Latest Figures

	HOUSE. Rep.	HOUSE. Dem.	SENATE. Rep.	SENATE. Dem.
Alabama		9		2
Arkansas		7		2
California	8		2	
Colorado		3	2	
Connecti't	4	1	2	
Delaware	1		2	
Florida		3	1	1
Georgia		11		2
Idaho	1		2	
Illinois	15	10	2	
Indiana	1	12		2
Iowa	9	2	2	
Kansas	8	2	2	
Kentucky	2	8	1	1
Louisiana		7		2
Maine	2	2	1	1
Maryland	1	5		2
Massach'ts	10	4	2	
Mich'gan	10	2	2	
Minnesota	8	1	2	
Mississippi		8		2
Missouri	3	13		2
Montana	1		1	1
Nebraska	3	3	1	1
Nevada	1		1	1
N. Hamps'e	2		2	
N. Jersey	3	7	1	1
New York	14	23	1	2
N. Caroli'a		10		2
N. Dakota	2		1	1
Ohio	7	14	1	1
Oklahoma	2	3		2
Oregon	2		1	1
*Penns'a	21	10	2	
R. Island	1	1	2	
S. Carolina		7		2
S. Dakota	2		2	
Tennessee	2	8		2
Texas		16		2
Utah	1		2	
Vermont	2		2	
Virginia	1	9		2
Washing'n	3		2	
W. Virginia	1	4	2	
Wisconsin	9	1	2	
Wyoming	1		2	
Totals	164	225	53	39
Majorities		61	14	

†One Socialist.
*Doubtful.

The New Beverage.

Spartanburg (S. C.) Herald.

Not that the liquid itself is new, for it has been known doubtless since Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees to herd cattle in the valley of Hebron. No American farm folk are ignorant of the merits of fresh cool buttermilk. It has furnished a delightful and wholesome drink for millions of people throughout this land—but not for those of the city, who look to the ubiquitous soda fountain for their refreshment.

All of a sudden, however, that whimsical thing we call popular fancy, has seized upon this distinctly rural drink, and the creameries are put to it now to supply enough buttermilk. We hope the fashion will become settled as a permanent habit, for there could be no more harmless, indeed healthful, habit than that of drinking plenty of buttermilk during the hot summer months.

You cannot hurt yourself drinking too much of it. It creates no artificially simulated appetite for more. It is a nourishing food as well as a cool drink. It is even more than all these—it is like mild medicine for many unwholesome conditions of the human system.

Hens to Go Yachting.

From the New York World.

E. H. Carlisle, of Point Pleasant, N. J., is so unwilling to trust the care of 50 Rhode Island red hens he posesses to any one else that he is going to take them with him on a cruise to Bermuda in a 20-foot catboat. Moreover, as they are not laying well now, he thinks the sea trip will benefit them.

Carlisle is proprietor of the Belmont Hotel of Bermuda, and of the Hotel Leighton, of Point Pleasant. When he lands at Bermuda and while he is there he will be able, he says, to supply the table of the Belmont with choice eggs.

Carlisle is a first-class sailor, and says he will be able to make the trip easily provided the weather is favorable. He has rigged up waterproof crates on the deck of his boat for the hens. In bad weather he will simply cover the crates.

Home Pets in England.

London Chronicle.

Yesterday the ninth annual exhibition of home pets was held in the hall of St. Mary's, Plaistow. A chaos of barks, snarls and growls deafened the visitor who ventured into the dog department, for, although fewer than 50 animals had been entered, each competitor was engaged in trying to outbark his neighbor.

The cat section was much stronger than that for dogs, no tax is payable on cats. There was also a fair show of canaries, parrots and other birds, and a great variety of miscellaneous live stock, including tortoises, lizards, hedgehogs, mice, frogs, guinea pigs.

Ducks and geese, fowls and pigeons were also represented, and there was a large number of rabbits. Donkeys and ponies included "Jerry," a famous old donkey, 28 years of age, but still equal to a day's work.

The Red House on Rowan Street

By ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER XIII.

Henry Is Hard to Handle.

Burton found Henry Underwood in prison quite as calm and saturnine as he had been in the garden.

"Have you made any arrangement for counsel?" he asked, after shaking hands.

"Counsel? You mean a lawyer? No."

"Is there some one you would prefer?"

"Do I have to have one?"

"Oh, yes! That's one of the rules of the game."

"Suppose I just don't play?" suggested Henry.

Burton laughed in spite of himself. "Then the court will appoint some young lawyer to practise on you. You'd better make your own selection. For one thing you want a lawyer to bail you out. This is a bailable offense, you understand, and you don't want to stay in this hole any longer than is necessary."

"Nevertheless, I shall stay for the present," said Henry coolly. "I don't want to be bailed out."

"Why not?" demanded Burton. "In the name of wonder, why not?"

"For one thing, I will ask no favors of any one. I will not be put in the attitude of suppliant."

"If you will pardon my frankness," said Burton, "that is pig-headed nonsense. But aside from that point, you won't need to do anything about it. And I herewith offer to put up any bond that may be required, so your pride is saved. It is I who am the suppliant!"

Henry looked neither surprised nor grateful. "I told you that I was not going to let myself be bailed out," he said with some impatience. "Now that they have shut me up in here, they at least can't accuse me of the next thing that happens."

"Oh, I see! Well, if you have the nerve for it, I am not sure that isn't a good plan," said Burton thoughtfully. "It will certainly eliminate you as a factor, if anything more does happen. Of course if the person who seems bent on implicating you should be shrewd enough to keep quiet for a while, it would not have the effect you wish for. Have you thought of that possibility?"

"I'm out of it," said Henry shortly. "That's all I care about. And here I am going to stay until they get tired and let me out to get rid of me."

"I am really very glad you can take that attitude," said Burton. He spoke sincerely, for the young man's manner contained no personal offence in spite of his brusqueness, and Burton was the least vain of men. "It leaves us free to work on the outside,—and, of course you understand that I am going to work for you. Now, I want your help so far as you can give it to me. I want to know if you have any idea who is at the bottom of these occurrences,—any knowledge or any suspicion."

"No."

"Of course you must have given a good deal of thought to it, in the course of all these years. You have never had a glimmering of an idea as to who it is that is persecuting you?"

Henry smiled sardonically. "My mother says it is no persecution,—merely the punishment for my evil temper. I suppose you have heard that I have an evil temper?"

"Yes. It gave me a fellow-feeling for you. I have an evil temper myself, at bottom. But as for punishment, what I want to get at is the human agency. It seems incredible that you should have never, in your own mind, had a suspicion of the guilty party."

"What I may have thought in my own mind is neither here nor there," said Henry, knitting his black brows together.

"Have you an enemy, then?"

Henry shrugged his shoulders, "I have no friends."

"Then you absolutely refuse to give me any help?"

"I absolutely refuse to give you what I don't possess," said Henry impatiently.

Burton waited a moment, then he asked suddenly: "Did Selby give you back your knife, before he left the surgery the other night?"

The look that had flashed instantaneously into Henry's eyes at the mention of that name gave Burton all the information he needed as to Henry's power of hating one man at least. But the answer to his question was abrupt and positive.

"No."

"Did you notice what he did with it,—whether he gave it to your father, or left it on the mantel, or anywhere else?"

"I didn't notice.

"But you are positive that he didn't give it to you and that you didn't unconsciously drop it into your own pocket?"

"Of course I am positive. I wouldn't be unconscious in connection with anything that Selby was concerned in. If he came near enough to me to hand me anything, I would be conscious of the fact, you may be sure. Why?"

"That knife has been found near the Sprigg house.

Henry frowned.

"The last I saw of that knife, it was in Selby's hands," Burton continued.

"Well, what of it?"

"How did it come to be under the Sprigg ruins? You must help me to work that out. You are suspected of firing the house—you know that, don't you?"

Henry's eyes fell. "Who says so?" he asked doggedly, but without spirit.

"Selby does."

But this time he drew nothing. Henry merely shrugged his shoulders.

"The knife is the only direct link with you," Burton went on. "Therefore we must explain the knife. How did it get there?"

"What do I know about it? Or about anything?" Henry asked impatiently.

But Burton was persistent. "There are two possible theories," he said, watching Henry as he spoke. "The knife may have been left in the surgery when the committee departed, and the incendiary may have found it there and carried it off. I have reasons for believing that someone tried to enter—or, rather did enter—that room in the night. Or, as an alternative theory, Selby may have carried it away with him, either intentionally or unconsciously, and then dropped it near the Sprigg house—either intentionally or unconsciously."

Henry listened with little softening of the bitterness in his face. "There is another possible theory," he said, with something like a sneer. "I may be lying when I say he didn't give the knife back to me."

"That is of course possible," said Burton calmly, "but I don't believe it. At any rate I'll try out the other theories first. Now, here's another point. Did you buy a ball of stout twine at Proctor's the other day?"

Henry stared. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because Proctor said that he sold you the cord that Hadley was tied up with. He claimed to identify it. Did you buy it of him?"

"I bought a ball of cord—yes."

"What did you do with it?"

"I used some to tie up some heavy vines in the back yard."

"Did you use all of it?"

"No."

"What did you do with the rest—the ball?"

Henry considered. "I don't remember. I may have left it on the ground where I was working."

"You can't be sure about it?"

"No." Henry spoke with an exasperating indifference. It might have been Burton whose honor was involved, and Henry merely an uninterested b

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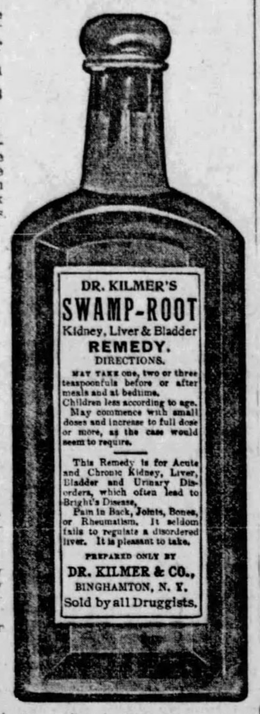

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could have happened, because it will bring matters to a crisis," answered Burton. "I told you that I am firmly convinced that your son is innocent, and I hold to that belief in spite of the unnatural conduct of his father in feeling discouraged. I have been talking with Mr. Underwood in the jail."

"Did you get any satisfaction out of your conversation?" asked the doctor dryly. "If you did, I'll engage you as my official interpreter."

"Not very much concrete satisfaction, perhaps, but a good deal of subjective reassurance. I am firmly convinced that he is the victim, first, of his own pride and bitterness, and, second, of some unscrupulous enemy, who is taking advantage of the state of the public mind to throw unmerited discredit upon him."

"That's what Leslie says. But how are we going to make it clear to the world at large? And things have reached a point where the world at large will have to be taken into the family confidence to a disconcerting extent. Leslie, I wish you were married and overseas."

Leslie looked as though it might be a relief to her to allow her spirits to droop, but at this challenge she lifted her head gallantly.

"Then you would put me to all the trouble and expense of a trip back overseas to come to you," said said promptly. "Counsel to run away from trouble doesn't come with a good grace from you, father. You have never set me the example."

"You see what influence I have over my children," said the doctor, appealing to Burton.

"I'm beginning to see. My sympathies go out to you. Let us talk of some less distressing matter. For instance, Miss Hadley." He glanced from one to the other as he spoke the name, but in neither face could he read the slightest consciousness. A curious impulse of masculine loyalty to Henry made him hesitate to divulge the secret which Henry had evidently guarded as carefully that it was unsuspected by his family. "I have just been calling on Miss Hadley," he added, in lame explanation. "I wanted to get some further particulars. But that really should be the work of your own's lawyer. Doctor, and that's what I specially wanted to consult with you about. I want your permission to send for a real lawyer, —a big man who will bring the very best skill and experience to the case. You won't object?"

The doctor hesitated a moment before he answered.

"Is a big man necessary if the case is to turn on facts? Frankly, I can't afford a big lawyer, you know. I'd rather take a local man with a sickly family, so that I could work it out in bills! I know it sounds sordid, but that is the mercenary habits of the world, and I can't hope to change it out of hand. I should be perfectly willing to ignore matters of that sort, but—the big lawyer wouldn't."

"I see," said Burton, recognizing that one of the impossibilities in the case was any offer of financial assistance on his own part. "Perhaps you are right. If we can simply establish the facts, we shan't need any hired eloquence to present them. They will speak for themselves. Well, we will establish the facts."

"But how? How?" demanded Leslie eagerly.

"I have one or two fragmentary theories in my mind. In the first place—"

But he got no farther, for there was suddenly an alarming clash the clatter in the back hall. Both Burton and Leslie sprang for the door. But the sight that met their eyes was not nearly so alarming as the noise. It was merely Mrs. Bussey, gathering up the broken pieces of a starch box which lay in curious proximity to a kitchen chair which stood in curious proximity to the transom of the door to the surgery.

"I was jest a-trying to get down them cobwebs," she gasped, and retreated hastily to the safe precincts of the kitchen with the unreliable box.

Burton took up his theme as though he had not been interrupted, deeming it wisest to take no further notice of this curious domestic situation.

"Your son does not wish to take advantage of his unquestionable privilege of bail," he said to the doctor. "He goes on the theory that things will continue to happen and that he will therefore be cleared by implication. I can't say I feel sure of it. This unknown enemy seems to be quite astute enough to suspend operations while Mr. Underwood is under lock and key, merely to avoid giving him the vindication which he would like to secure in that way. But perhaps it might be as well to let him carry out his plan for a time. It would probably give you a temporary respite from further disturbances."

"Even that will be gratefully received," said the doctor wearily.

"It will at least give us time," said Burton.

And then, feeling that his friends needed to be taken away from the thought of the burden which they were carrying, he turned the conversation upon impersonal matters. He deliberately laid himself out to be entertaining,—and the effort was more of a compliment than they are apt to realize. When finally he said good night, he had to admit that he had enjoyed the evening very much. Of course it wouldn't do to ask Miss Underwood if she had had as good a time as he had,—but at any rate she had not looked bored. But then, she could hardly have told a man to his face that she found him dull!

His thoughts were running along after this idiotic fashion when he became aware that a man was following him in the street. He noticed it at first merely because the street was otherwise so entirely deserted, and it did not occur to him that the man was actually dogging him until he had turned a corner or two, and found that the man did the same. Then he slackened his pace and the man fell back. By this time he began to be curious. He took a couple of unnecessary turns, and satisfied himself that the pursuit was no accident. Then he turned sharply up on his heel and made a jump toward his pursuer. But the man dodged, jumped from the sidewalk, and ran off between two buildings.

The incident puzzled Burton, and made him somewhat uncomfortable. High Ridge was a place of mysteries. Also, he reflected, it was a place of very few policemen. Was his pursuer a common street bandit, with designs on his purse, or was he connected with the Underwood mystery and the warning that had been sent him at the hotel? The thought made him square his jaw. Did they think to frighten him off? He would let them see!

He had turned aside from his most direct route to the hotel in this experiment, and he now found himself in a street with which he was not familiar, though he knew the general location. He turned in the direction where his hotel must be, and was glad to hear no longer the sound of feet behind him. Suddenly from the shadow of a large business block a man sprang out from a driveway and jumped at him. The attack was so sudden and so fierce and Burton was so unprepared that for a moment he was borne backward and almost carried to the ground. How he recovered himself he could not have told. The primitive instinct of the fighting animal awoke within him, and perhaps some of the acquired skill of his college days came back. He knew that he was fighting for his life for the hand that he had clutched a knife and there was no mistaking the vicious energy that his assailant was exerting. Burton answered with a strength that he had not known he possessed. He felt the man's body yielding inch by inch to his clutch, and then suddenly it slipped away from his hands and the man darted off and disappeared into the night, leaving Burton panting and dishevelled and very much amazed. He had never before had occasion to defend his life—he had always taken for granted that civilization would take that burden off the hands of any decent man. And yet here, in a quiet little village, where he was practically unknown, he had been assailed by some one who really wanted to kill him. He was quite sure that the man's object had not been merely thievish. The attack was personally vicious.

Suddenly he remembered how he had kept Selby cooling his heels in Miss Hadley's back parlor while he amused himself with Miss Hadley, and the satisfaction he had taken in the situation faded into a rather serious inquiry. Selby was a man of violent temper, who had no occasion to love him. But did he have occasion to hate him to the death? If so, there could be but one reason. He feared his investigations.

(To be continued).

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CHAPTER XIV.

Burton's Turn.

The surgery, whatever claim it may originally have had to the title, appeared now to be the doctor's den and smoking-room. Mrs. Bussey indicated that he would find the doctor there, and Burton did not attempt to conceal from himself the pleasure with which he discovered that Leslie was with her father, and that she gave no sign of any intention to beat an immediate retreat.

"How is my patient?" he asked, with an elaborate assumption of the popular physician's "bedside manner."

"Mighty glad to see you," said Dr. Underwood, with a look that made the words go home. "Leslie and I have been sitting here cultivating a magnificent crop of the blues. There was trouble enough before, but this affair—"

"Is the best possible thing that no opinion to offer if only he didn't give her time to consider! But she drew away from him with a look of absolute dismay that was not in the character he had outlined for her.

"I couldn't think of it,—not at all," she stammered.

"But you know you are engaged—"

"Oh, no!" she gasped.

"Well, practically you are," he persisted calmly. "And you know that it would mean more to him—"

"I don't know what you mean at all," she exclaimed desperately, and unconsciously she glanced at the drawn curtains that separated the drawing-room from a room in the rear.

Burton bit his lip. He certainly had been rashly foolish to assume that he was speaking tete-a-tete with Miss Hadley. Who was in the back room? Her father? If he understood Mr. Hadley's temperament, he would have burst into the room to demand an explanation by this time. Could it possibly be Selby who was eavesdropping? If it were, he would give him something for his pains!

"Mr. Underwood has enemies," he said calmly. "Mr. Selby, for instance, is not friendly to him. Of course you know that, and you will understand that anything he may say to you about his rival ought to me discounted. I don't need to suggest to you which is the more worthy of faith and credit. One is a gentleman, the other isn't. Of course there could never for a moment be a question of counting the two men equal." And then, fearful from the terrified dismay on her face that if he kept on she would say some thing that would give the situation away, he switched the conversation off upon tracks of glittering generality, and spun it out as long as he dared. If it really were Selby in the back room waiting for him to go, he was going to give him his money's worth! He even ventured on a form of open flattery which he guessed would make Selby furious and which certainly made Miss Hadley stare at him in innocent amazement. When the lengthening shadows forced him at last to take his leave, he took it with a lingering deliberation that measured out exasperation to his hidden enemy drop by drop.

He went immediately to his own room in the hotel, which, it will be remembered, overlooked the Hadley house, and sat down by the open window to read the evening papers. There was no reason, surely, why he should not sit by his own window! He had to wait nearly half an hour, but he was rewarded. At the end of that time Selby came out of the house and, with a dark glance toward the hotel, hurried up the street.

Burton laughed softly, but after a while he began to wonder just what he had gained by his absurd punishment of the eavesdropper. Nothing, probably except a malicious satisfaction which was not particularly creditable to him. He instinctively disliked Selby; but unless Selby could be shown to have an active hand in the mysterious disturbances which had been laid at Henry's door, he had no quarrel with him. It was questionable wisdom to antagonize Selby unnecessarily at this stage of the proceedings. However, the first thing to do now was to see Dr. Underwood and consult with him as to the steps to be taken for securing legal counsel.

It was noticeable that the necessity of calling at the Red House immediately lightened the burden of the day's affairs.

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Red W Guns and Ammunition Are Sold Everywhere

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader of the Farmstead give a recipe for making wheat flour pancakes without sour milk, buttermilk or yeast?—E., Andover, N. Y.

Can any member of the Farmstead circle of readers tell me the largest amount of butter made from one cow in seven days? Also how much butter was made from the Swedish cow at the Chicago world's fair in one day?—I., Good Hope, Ill.

Will some one tell me how to keep a cow from milking herself?—M., Torrington, Wyo.

I would like to know if there is a remedy for 'sidebones" in a horse. Are they permanent?—S. Carmel, Ind

We have a driving horse that was made deaf by the discharge of a gun. Can any one suggest a possible cure?—W., Everett, Pa.

Is there a Blade reader who can tell the cause and give a remedy for "red water" in cattle Any information will be appreciated.—S., Glenada, Ore.

I would like to know what to do for chickens that have sore eyes. The pullets and old chickens are afflicted.—S., Rector, Ark.

SCOURS

C. Hamlin, W. Va.: For scours give your calves a tea made of rennett-calves' stomach, used for making cheese. I think it will cure them. One-half teacupful should be given every day until a cure is effected. Rennett can be purchased at a drug store or at a cheese factory. White oak bark tea is also good.—B., Niles, Mich.

I will give my experience with a sick calf. It was so weak it had to be lifted up. After trying a number of remedies without no avail my wife began the use of charcoal in small doses three times a day, in half teaspoonful doses, three times a day, in scalded flour and milk. Indigestion is the cause, and charcoal aids the food to digest.—J., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOWLS HAVE CANKER

D., Mo.: Your fowls have canker. The lumps, if not prevented, will finally fill the throat. The cause is uncleanliness, debility and digestive disorders, mouldy or musty food, etc. Symptoms are an irregular, cheesey growth in mouth and throat. Bathe the affected parts with a weak solut on of creolin solution twice daily. Permanganate of potassium powder is very effective.—S., Caro, Mich.

FREE LAND GRANTS.

Many Americans are taking up the 5-acre fruit tracts and city lots now being offered free in Mexico. The only requirements are to have fruit trees planted within 5 years. Even the planting and care of the trees will be done on shares for those who can't go or do not care to go. The fruit grows bountifully and matures lusciously and commands very high prices. The Jantha Plantation Co., section 594, Pittsburg, Pa., is the U. S. office for receiving applications. Particulars on request.

PURE BREAD SIRES.

Every dairyman should look forward toward having a more profitable herd of cows next year than this year; not necessarily more cows, but better cows. How many have herds that will average more butter than your father's herd did, or perhaps than did your grandfather's herd?

You can't depend altogether upon the raise in price of land for your profits, not only because many do not own land, but because in many localities land has reached a price that most of the money to be taken from this source has already been made. It takes a better farmer to make money on $100 or $150 an acre land than it does on $40 an acre land.

The task of building up a profitable dairy herd must begin with the sire. Without a pure-bred sire, with the ability to get calves capable of producing milk and butter fat economically, all other efforts to improve your daily herd must fail. The skillful breeder of any class of live stock realizes the importance of having a properly selected sire to head his herd.

The average dairyman, however, gives this important subject little thought and makes use of a scrub sire because of the idea that it is cheaper to do so, or because his father got along all right with a scrub sire and he himself has not given the matter much thought. The scrub sire and the unprofitable cow go hand in hand in retarding dairy progress; where is found one generally is found the other.

It is not necessary that every farmer have pure-bred cows of a dairy breed in order to have a profitable dairy herd, for high grade are just as efficient producers.

Percentage of Improvement.

The following shows very distinctly the rapidity with which the qualities of the sire accumulate in the high grade:

Generation.	Blood.	Per cent Improved	Per cent Unimproved.
1.....	1-2	50.	50.
2.....	3-4	75.	25.
3.....	7-8	87.5	12.5
4.....	15-16	93.75	6.25
5.....	31-32	96.87	3.12
6.....	63-64	98.43	1.56

This shows very well the truth of the often heard statement, "The sire is one-half the herd." It does not mean, however, that the same sire must be used throughout the six generations. This illustration is true whether or not a change in the sire is made. With the properly selected pure bred sire used on the common cows found in the average herd the improvement will be much more rapid and the sire will be a great deal more than one-half the herd. His being pure bred gives him greater power to stamp his characteristics upon the offspring than can the grade cow.

Valuable information as to the importance of the sire in improving or injuring the productive capacity of the herd can be had from a study of the dairy herd records of the State Agricultural college of Missouri.

Test of Sire's Influence.

By comparing ten daughters of a sire with their dams it was determined to what an extent these daughters were influenced by their sire—that is, whether or not they were superior producers to their dams. It was found that ten daughters of one sire average 216 pounds of butter fat yearly, while their dams average 234 pounds yearly. It can readily be seen that this bull decreased the average production of the daughters 18 pounds under that of their dams. With another sire that was used there was no decrease or increase, the herd being at a standstill. Another sire which was used increased the average production of ten daughters 110 pounds of butter fat per cow over that of their dams. This 110 pounds of butter fat at an average price of 25 cents per pound would make $27.50 that each daughter earned in excess of the earnings of her dam.

Counting on the same basis 30 cows milked six years, we have $4,950 worth of butter fat produced by the daughters in excess of that produced by the dams. You can readily see what the great value of this bull would have been had he been owned by a small association of neighboring patrons. He would have been cheap at $1,000, while the other two bulls mentioned would have been expensive at $10, because they left the herd in a worse condition than they found it.

There is no question but that many farmers are lowering the productive capacity of their herds every generation on account of their paying no attention to the selection of sires.

Graded Cows Higher Production.

Investigations carried on in some Indiana herds by the Indiana experiment station showed that herds in which pure bred sires were used were producing butter fat on an average of 3¼ cents cheaper than herds which were ungraded. While the average profit per year from the ungraded herd was $19.62 per cow, that of the graded herd was $36.04 per cow. On an average the graded herd produced 18 pounds of butter fat per cow more than the ungraded herd. There is no question but that the purchase of a pure bred sire would be one of the best investments a dairyman can make.

Up-to-date dairymen are beginning to realize the value of pure bred sires in increasing the production of the herd and decreasing the cost of producing butter fat. They are not afraid to pay a good price for a pure bred sire to head the herd, and they never buy a sire because the cost in dollars and cents is low, for they realize that some day his actual cost, indeed, will be very great. If he is a sire that will produce daughters that have milking qualities developed to a high degree the cost should be of secondary importance.

How to Select Bull.

In selecting the sire first decide on the breed which you think will be best suited for your conditions. Then stick to this breed. The value of the sire must be based solely on his ability to get high producing heifer calves. There are two courses open to a man who wishes to select the proper sire to grade up his herd. Select a young, untried sire and judge from his form and the records of his dam and granddam as to his ability to transmit dairy qualities, or select an old sire that has been tried and found to have the ability to transmit milking qualities to his daughters. The desirable sire should have high producers in his ancestry. His dam, and granddam especially, should be superior individuals, also the dam of his sire.

In studying herd records it is well to pay more attention to year records than to records for short periods of time, such as seven days and thirty days. Although many dairymen prefer a young bull, of course there is some uncertainty as to his power to transmit dairy qualities. The most skillful breeders are often on the lookout for aged bulls which have sired daughters of merit. They of course are high in cost and are often expensive because their great value is known to their owner, if he is a wise breeder.

Farm Points to Watch.

Many dairymen sell the bull for beef after he has been used two or three years without seeing any of his daughters in milk. Many good bulls no doubt are lost in this way. There are certain characteristics of form which should be present in the sire. He should have strong, masculine appearance, strong constitution and vitality, and be a good type of the breed he represents. He should have a clean, clear cut face, with wide muzzle, strong jaw and large bright eyes. His ribs should be long, well sprung and wide apart, giving him an open relax comformation. His abdomen should be large and deep, with strong navel development, indicating feeding capacity and vitality.

His hide should be loose, pliable, of medium thickness, not thick and meaty, nor thin, dry and papery. The rudimentary teats, which are found just in front of the scrotum, should be large, squarely placed and wide apart. This is considered very important by many judges, as a large, well-balanced and well shaped udder on the cow is largely due to the way the rudimentary teats of the sire are placed. If they are crowded close together the result will be a narrow pointed udder on the daughter. When we speak of prepotency we refer to the ability which the sire has to transmit his characteristics or those of his ancestors to his progeny. It is indicated by the vigorous appearance and a strong, resolute bearing and an abundance of nervous energy.

Those who are not already carrying on systematic grading should start at once. None but a pure bred sire that will transmit milking qualities to a large degree should be found on any farm, where the product from the dairy herd is one of the main sources of revenue.

POISON FOR SPARROWS

A poison mixture for sparrows that has proved very effective is prepared as follows: Put one-eighth ounce of strychnia sulphate into three-quarters of a gill of hot water and boil until dissolved. Moisten one and one-half teaspoonfuls of starch with a few drops of cold water, add it to the poison solution and heat till the starch thickens. Pour the hot poisoned starch solution over one quart of wheat and stir until every kernel is coated. Small-kerneled wheat sold as pou try food, if reasonably clean, is preferable to first-quality grain, being cheaper and more easily eaten by the sparrows. A two-quart glass fruit jar is a good vessel to mix in, as it is easily shaken and allows the condition of the contents to be seen. The coated wheat be spread thinly on a hard, flat surface. It will be dry enough for use in a short time. It should be dried thoroughly if it is to be put into jars and kept for future use. Dishes employed in preparing poison may be safely cleansed by washing. The poison should be well scattered, so that many birds may be able to partake at the same time, since after a few are affected their actions excite the suspicion of their comrades. Usually a few sparrows get only enough strychnine to paralyze them for a few hours, after which they recover. It is important, therefore, to visit the feeding places two or three hours after distributing poison to prevent such birds escaping. It is well also to remove dead birds promptly to avoid exciting the suspicions of those that are unaffected. In northern latitudes the best time to put out poison is just after a snowstorm, when other food is covered. The feeding place should be cleared of snow and the poison laid early in the morning.

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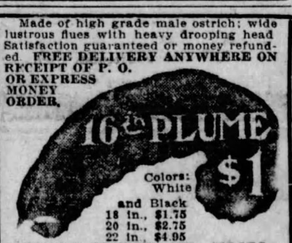

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Did His Part.

Harper's Weekly.

In western Kentucky town Ben Watson had saved the life of Myra Underhill Miss Underhill's boat had been overturned in a creek with a swift current, and the act or young Watson was a very heroic one. He had saved the life of the girl after she was sinking for the third time, and he had barely strength to pull himself and the young woman to shallow water.

The news soon spread and Ben Watson was hailed as the real, live hero of the village.

Aunt Tabby Wilson, the oldest woman in the village, mother of the little colony, was loud in the praise of the heroism of the young man, and at once declared that Ben and Myra must get married. "Ben saved Myra's life," she said, "and now they must marry and be happy ever afterward, just as they do in the story books."

But Ben demurred. The arrangement did not suit him.

"Why not marry Myra, Ben?" said the old lady. "She is yours and we must have a wedding."

"She's a nice girl, all right," replied Ben. "but I don't think we oughter marry. Seems to me," he went on, "I have done enough for Myra."

The Horizon.

Oh would, oh would that thou and I,
Now this brief day of love is past,
Could toward the sunset straightway fly
And fold our wearied wings at last
There, where the sea-line meets the sky.

A sweet thing and a strange t'would be
Thus, thus to break our prison bars,
And know that we at last were free
As volceful waves and silent stars—
There, where the sky-line meets the sea.

But vain the longing! thou and I,
As we have been must ever be.
Yet thither wind, oh waft my sigh,
There, where the sky-line meets the sea—
There, where the sea-line meets the sky.

—James Ashcroft Noble.

M. Jaures.

Abbe Demnet in the Saturday Review.

I will not speak too disparingly of M. Jaures. He is a scholar, a most courteous man, a remarkable parliamentary tactician an idealist and all that. But he is not a revolutionist, not a fighter. He did fight a duel years ago with Paul Deroulede. Everybody felt that he must hate it. No man was ever less made to conduct wars. He constantly talks of peace and reconciliation. Even when 15 columns of L'Humanite are full of the most horrid violences his own editorial is an appeal to sobriety—on the part of his opponents—or a Cassandrallke prophesying of unutterable woes. I said above that he is a great tactician; when the war is only in words in the warm precincts of the Chamber he really is a splendid general. But then his enemy is just the other Socialist, M. Brland, his former friend, the founder of his own paper, a man about whose notions and principles he is absolutely certain. He knows that if he were fortunate enough to unsaddle him and get in his place he (Jaures) would not differ a jot from him except in continuing a diplomat, where the other has learned from Clemenceau to play the soldier. So the whole difference between them is just that one is in office and the other sees no chance of getting reinstated in his old comfortable situation of a sort of Eminence Grise till M. Cimbes or some friend of M. Combes regains power.

More.

The Smart Set.

"So you were deeply touched by the poem young Mr. Softly wrote to you"

"Yes."

"But it was not a good poem."

"I don't care. It was just as much trouble for him to write it as if he had been Shakespeare."

Kerry Unvisited.

Fair was the sky and calm the sea,
Aye, calmer than this bosom,
When first upon my vision broke
The Skelligs, wild and gruesome.
As slow the rugged coast line rose
Above the sunlit ocean,
O! Bitter was the fight I waged
To still my heart's commotion.
Scion of exiles, home again!
Each rock and tree and steeple
Encircled by my eager glass
Brought greetings from my people.
My kindly shipmates little guessed—
So gay I seemed and merry—
What tears were bubbling in my breast
For the holy hills of Kerry.

So all day long I kept the deck
And fed my soul with gazing
On cliffs and bays and over all
The hills their green crowns raising.
When through the dusk the ship sailed on
And found her English haven,
At dawn, where Bristol channel takes
The waters of the Avon,
To me the Saxon tyrants came,
But kindlier than the olden,
And loaded me with captive chains,
Though here the chains were golden.
And royal hospitality
Made every moment merry,
My heart was where by people lie
Among the hills of Kerry!

O! calm again were sea and sky,
The good ship homeward turning,
Bore with her one whose heart was sore
With unrequited yearning.
Again I watched the Kerry coast,
Behind our white wake falling;
The Sidhe were on those fading hills!
I know; I heard them calling.
Then rose the answering sea in wrath,
The sky grew gray above it,
The storm broke and the shuddering ship
Quaked in the clutches of it,
And like the ancient mariner,
Whose sin no seas could bury,
I knew what spirits shook our keel—
The wild, wild Sidhe of Kerry!

Laugh not to scorn this tale of mine
As some wild dreamer's notion;
I read reproach in everything
That tracked me o'er the ocean,
The angry sea that snatched at me,
The winds at night that jeered me,
The very gull that screamed o'erhead
And fled as though it feared me;
I was the plague upon the ship
That made her groan and shiver
Through toll of seven days and nights
To reach this peaceful river.
So now I swear: No more for me
No more for me, unless it be
To tread the hills of Kerry!

T. A. Daly.

On board the Royal Edward, approaching Montreal, October 6, 1910.

—The Catholic Standard and Times

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE CALENDAR

In history it says that George Washington was born February 11, 1732. The difference in reckoning dates now makes it the 22nd. Please give an explanation of this.—S. J. D., Lakeside, O.

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII. ordered that all the Catholic countries should adopt a new calendar. This calendar was correct and is at the present time in general use throughout the world. In the year that the calendar was adopted 10 days were dropped. Thus the day after October 4 of the Julian calendar became October 15 in the Gregorian. This calendar was not adopted by England until 1752. Washington being born in 1732, he was 20 years old at the time the new calendar was adopted. Thus his first 20 birthdays fell on the 11th of February and the others fell on the 22nd.

JOHN K. TENER

Please give a sketch of the life of John K. Tener.—G. C., Manorville, Pa.

John Kinley Tener was born in Ireland on July 25, 1863. He came to America with his parents at the age of nine and was educated at the public and high schools of Pittsburg. He was married to Harriet J. Day in 1889. He worked as a clerk in a Pittsburg firm for four years after which he played professional baseball in 1886. The following year Tener was an officer of a gas company, and from 1888 to 1890 he played baseball in the National league. In 1891 he moved to Charlerol, becoming one of the foremost citizens. In 1906 he entered congress as a Republican, from the 34th Pennsylvania district. Tener was elected governor of Pennsylvania at the election held last Tuesday.

JOSEPH G. CANNON

I would like to have you print a short sketch of the life of Joseph G. Cannon in the Question Bureau.—W. I. J., Blackville, W. Va.

Joseph G. Cannon, the American politician, was born in Guilford, North Carolina, May 7, 1836. His father, Dr. Horace C. Cannon, died when young Cannon was only 14 years old. He worked in a country store until he was 21, when he began to study law in the office of Usher & Pattison. He was admitted to the bar in 1858. Cannon moved from Indiana to Tuscola, Ill., where, in 1861, he was elected state attorney for the district. In 1873 he was elected a member of the 43d congress and has been a member of every congress since then with the exception of the 54th. He was a member of the committee on appropriations for 22 years and for ten years was chairman of the same committee. In this position Mr. Cannon achieved his greatest fame. The responsibility of this position is great. The constant assaults on the treasury which come in the form of petitions, appeals, amendments and recommendations from various quarters must be made to the committee on appropriations in the house of representatives. There just expenditures must be sorted out from unjust. For years the chairman of this committee has been called the "watch dog of the treasury." Mr. Cannon has been prominent in the discussion of reforms of government, currency, tariff, internal improvements, shipping, increase of the navy, reorganization of the army and the Nicaragua canal. In 1903 he was elected speaker of the house of representatives. In 1862 he was married to Mary Reed, and has had two daughters, Helen A., and Mabel, wife of Ernest X. Leisure, of Danville.

NICKNAMES OF STATES

Will you please give me a list of the nicknames of the various states of this country?—J. B., Shipple, O., and F. C. B., Chuckey, Tenn.

Here are the nicknames of the states, so far as we know them, also the nicknames of the people of the various states:

Alabama—Cotton—Lizards.
Arkansas—Bear—Toothpicks.
California—Golden—Gold Hunters.
Colorado—Centennial—Rovers.
Connecticut—Land of Steady Habits or Nutmeg—Wooden Nutmegs.
Delaware—Diamond or Blue Hen—Muskrats.
Florida—Peninsular—Fly-up-the-Creeks.
Georgia—Empire State of the South—Buzzards or Sandhillers.
Illinois—Prairie or Sucker—Suckers or Egyptians.
Indiana—Hoosier—Hoosiers.
Iowa—Hawkeye—Hawkeyes.
Kansas—Garden of the West—Jaw Hawkers.
Kentucky—Corncracker, Blue Grass or Dark and Bloody Ground—Corncrackers or Red Horses.
Louisiana—Creole or Pelican—Creoles.
Maine—Lumber or Pine Tree—Foxes.
Maryland—Old Line—Crawthumpers.
Massachusetts—Baked Beans. Bay State of Old Colony—Beans.
Michigan—Lake or Wolverine—Wolverines.
Minnesota—North Star or Gopher—Gophers.
Mississippi—Bayou—Tadpoles.
Missouri—Puke or Iron—Pukes.
Nebraska—Blackwater—Bugeaters.
Nevada—Silver or Sage Brush—Sage Hens.
New Hampshire—Granite or Switzerland of America—Granite Boys.
New Jersey—Garden—Clam Catchers, Jersey Blues or Foreigners and Spanlards.
New York—Empire or Excelsior—Knickerbockers.
North Carolina—Old North or Turpentine—Tuckoes or Tarheels.
Ohio—Buckeye—Buckeyes.
Oregon—Webfoot Country or Beaver—Hard Cases of Web Feet.
Pennsylvania—Keystone—Pennanites or Leatherheads.
Rhode Island—Little Rhody—Gunflints.
South Carolina—Palmetto — Weasels, Sandhillers or Rice Birds.
Tennessee — Volunteer — Butternuts, Whelps or Mudheads.
Texas—Lone Star—Beefheads.
Vermont — Green Mountain — Green Mountain Boys.
Virginia—Mother of Presidents, Mother of States, Old Dominion, or Ancient Dominion—Beadles.
West Virginia—Switzerland of America—Panhandlelites.
Wisconsin—Badger—Badgers.

HIGHEST RANK IN THE ARMY

How many persons have held the rank of General in the United States army? Was there the rank of Captain-General created?—T. R., Waymart, Pa.

The highest rank ever conferred in the United States army is general, and it was first conferred upon Gen. U. S. Grant; in fact, the position was created for him, and he was appointed July 25, 1863. He held the position until he was elected President, when of course he resigned from the army. The rank of general was then conferred on Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, March 4, 1869, who held it until his retirement, February 8, 1884. He, however, received the full pay and emoluments of the rank until his death, August 5, 1888. With his retirement, the rank of general lapsed, as it had been created by act of congress expressly for him, as it had previously been created for Grant. In May, 1888, General Philip H. Sheridan became ill, and congress, in recognition of his merits, passed a bill May 29, 1888, creating him general. He held the position until his death, August 5, 1888. These three men are the only ones ever held the rank of general.

The second highest rank is litutenant-general. When there was danger of war with France, congress created the rank for Washington, July 3, 1798, and he held it until his death, December 14, 1799. Winfield Scott received the brevet of Lieutenant general, but never the full rank. The rank was revived for Gen. Grant on March 2, 1864. When he was made general, Sherman was made lieutenant general, July 26, 1866. On the same day Sherman was made general, Sheridan was made lieutenant general, March 4, 1869. He held this rank until he was created general, May 29, 1888, when the rank of lieutenant general lapsed. It was revived by congress February 6, 1895, and conferred on General John M. Schofield. When he retired, and General Miles became commander in chief, the rank of lieutenant general was created permanently for the commanding officer of the army. No one ever held the rank of captain general in the United States army. Our country has no such officer.

ABOLITION MOVEMENT

Please tell what you know concerning the abolition movement and its leaders.—M. S., Clayton, Ill.

The abolitionists were the extreme section of the anti-slavery party in the United States. They advocated that the national government should abolish at once the southern slavery without regard to constitutional guarantees, vested interests or political facts. Many of the best men of the south wanted gradual abolition, and until after the war of 1812 there was no prejudice against the freest expression of opinion on the subject. But the cotton gin made slavery more profitable and so the people were not so willing to give it up. So the south began to uphold slavery with much more zeal. In 1833 an anti-slavery society was formed in Philadelphia, and the Liberator, founded by William Lloyd Garrison attacked the system fiercely. Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Gerrit Smith, and women like Lucretia Mott did all they could to agitate the public mind against slavery. In 1840 the abolitionists divided on the question of the formation of a political anti-slavery party and the two wings remained active on separate lines to the end.

BAPTISTS

Please tell what you can about the founding of the Baptist religion. How many churches, and what is their membership at the present time?—J. S. R., Republic, Mo.

The religious body called the Baptists originated in England early in the seventeenth century as a result of the Separatist movement. Among the Separatists was John Smyth, who emigrated from Gainsborough with his people to escape persecution, and at Amsterdam established a new congregation upon the principle of baptism on confession of faith. Some of the members of this church returned to England and in 1611 formed in London the first of the churches known as General Baptists, because they held the Arminian doctrine of general atonement. The Particular Baptists (holding the Calvinistic doctrine of a particular atonement, that is, for the elect only) arose in 1633, when a number left a Separatist church in London to form a new congregation and were baptised anew upon confession of faith. Another group withdrew from the same church in 1640, and shortly afterward introduced the practice of immersion, which was soon adopted by all the other churches and gave rise to the name by which they were known from 1644 onward. The General and Particular Baptists continued to be separate bodies until 1891, when they were united. At the present time there are 55,226 churches, 40,353 ministers and 5,435,974 communicants.

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DEPT. 12, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CONFUCIUS

Will the Question Bureau give a short sketch of the life of Confucius?—H. S. F., Panther, W. Va.

Confucius, a celebrated Chinese sage, was born 551 B C., a Shang-Ping, near the town of Tseuse in the petty kingdom of Lu. His own name was Kong, but his disciples called him Kon-fu-tse, i.e., Kong, the master or teacher, which the Jesuit missionaries Latinized into Confucius. His mother called him Kieu (little hillock) because he had an unusual elevation an the top of his forehead, with which he is often represented. Various prodigious, as in other instances, were the forerunners of his birth. An illustrious pedigree has been invented for him by his fond disciples, who, derive his origin from Hoang-ti, a mythological monarch of China, who flourished 2,000 years B. C. His father, Shuh-leoung-Ho, died when Confucius was only three years old. But he was very carefully brought up by his mother, Yan-she, and from his earliest years displayed an extraordinary love of learning. At the age of 17 he was made corn mart inspector and distinguished himself in suppressing fraud, and introducing order and integrity into the whole business. When 19 he married, but was divorced four years after that he might have more time to study. Confucius was next appointed inspector general of pastures and flocks. The death of his mother, which happened in his 23d year, interrupted his administrative functions and gave occasion for the first solemn and important act of Confucius as a moral reformer. According to the ancient, but then almost forgotten laws of China, children were obliged to resign all public employments on the death of their parents, and Confucius, desiring to renew the custom, did not fail to conform to it. To him is due the respect paid by the Chinese of today to the dead. From that time he became a moral reformer and a man of great power in his time. Confucius divided his classes of followers into four divisions. To the first he taught morals, the second rhetoric, the third politics, the fourth written compositions. He died 479 B. C., 70 years old.

HALLOWEEN

Will you give the origin of Halloween?—D. M., Roseville, O.

Like almost all the Christian festivals, Hallomas, or All Saints' day, is associated with an ancient pagan celebration of great antiquity, and from this older rite many of its curious and singular observances are derived. Halloween is the vigil of the feast of All Saints, and the custom of its elaborate observance is general everywhere, though its greatest development has been reached in Scotland. Modern practice has largely omitted what at one time was the most important part of Halloween ritual—that is, the lighting of bonfires at nightfall by each household. From this practice the relationship that it bears to the older Druidical festival of Samuin is apparent. This was a great occasion in the days of the ancient pagan worship, and all the hearths were on this day rekindled from the sacred fire. The feast of All Saints was introduced very early by the Christian church because of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for every saint. In the fourth century, when the persecution of the Christians had ceased, the first Sunday after Easter was appointed by the Greek church as the day for commemorating the martyrs generally. In the Church of Rome, a like festival was introduced by Pope Gregory IV in 835, and appointed for the first day of November. It was admitted into England about 870, and probably about the same time into Ireland and Scotland. The festival is common to the Roman Catholic, English and Lutheran branches of the church. The leading idea of Halloween is that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences are strong, and charms, therefore, will not fail to work. Spirits, both good and evil, walk abroad on this one mysterious night, and divination attains its highest power. All who choose may avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion with the certainty that their questions will be answered.

MISCELLANEOUS

R. W. R., New Hope, N. C.—The minister from the Argentine Republic to the United States is Senor Don Epifanio Portela. Chas. B. Sherrill is the American minister to that country.

J. K. R., Sulphur Rock, Ark.—The Question Bureau of October 20th contains information concerning the military acedemy at West Point.

J. S. B., Aspinwall, Pa.—In Ohio the railroad fare is two cents per mile.

N. S. R., Uler, W. Va.—Pastor Russell is an independent minister.

RIGHT WAY TO PACK FRUIT

The apples in this barrel are packed from the bottom to the top, each laver being graded so as to fill the barrel exactly. Fruit packed in this way will command much higher prices than if packed

at random with big and little apples all in the same layer on top.

The barrel should be packed flush with the top and after the heading is put on it should be pressed down slowly, but firmly, until the apples cannot move during shipment.

CRAWLING STONE LAKE

Its Floating Rock Once the Throne of the Great Spirit.

The Red Man.

In the northern part of Wisconsin is a large lake whose waters abound in fish. In this lake there is also a great rock which floats about in its waters. This rock is eld by the Chippewa Indians as a sacred monument to the great Manito.

Stories are told generation after generation that this great rock was at one time the throne of the Great Spirit. Here he sat and ruled the people, the animals of the forest around and the fishes of the waters of this lake. As time went by this rock was gradually being worn away and the Great Spirit had to go to a new home.

Every summer the Indians hold dances near the place where the rock stands. This they do to celebrate the time when the Manito took his leave. They bring food and tobacco and place them on the rock so if the Great Spirit does not get enough to eat in the other world he comes down and gets the food that is placed by his former subjects.

No white man is allowed to catch fish in this lake, for the fish were put there by the Great Spirit for the Indians only. The rock floats about, being pushed by the waves, hence the name, "Crawling Stone Lake."

Kentucky Game Preserve.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Thirty-five deer were purchased by W. E. Whitley during the last week which are to be placed on a large tract of land, located about ten miles east of Owensboro, which Mr. Whitley will make one of the largest and most abundantly stocked game preserves in this section of the country.

This purchase of deer is the first that has been made, but many more deer are to be put on the land, and the owner states that he will not permit any hunting on the land for some time.

First Aid.

Harper's Bazar.

Husband—"I met Hawkins today and he was very gloomy—told me he was perfectly willing to d-e."

Wife—"Oh, John! Why didn't you ask him here to Thanksgiving dinner?"

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DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. Money Makers. Address SAYMAN, 605 Sayman Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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The Public Drinking Cup.

Professor Alvin Davison in the November Good Health.

Some weeks ago I discovered a boy in excellent health with tonsils so large as to almost fill the throat cavity. I at once concluded that such hypertrophied tissues must be a garden spot of tubercle baccilli, as the boy was a frequent user of the common cup. I purchased the tonsils in exchange for a suit of clothes plus the surgeon's fee, and found the central parts a mass of broken-down tissue mingled with millions of tubercle germs. Gruber found tubercle baciili in the tonsils of 45 persons out of 760 examinations. Robertson reports the presence of these in 18 tonsils out of 232 studied.

A GOOD WELL HOUSE

This little house covers a well built by a Rhode Island sea captain on the road near his house. The old captain was once wrecked on a desert island and suffered so from thirst that he made a vow that if he escaped he would provide means

for supplying water to as many people as he possibly could. Hundreds of farmers have benefited by his hospitality.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Blade advertisements have their own story to tell. Theirs is often an interesting tale, which may concern every member of the household. The Blade should not be thrown away before the advertising columns have been read. It is there that the reader may find the very thing he wants. Once it is found purchase is made easy. The first step is to communicate with the advertiser. This is inexpensive, and requires no time, no travel and no labor.

The majority is not always right, but what it says goes.

It will take more than one Socialist in congress to do any harm.

So far the result of the election has not reduced the price of bacon.

A chronic loafer doesn't know what a delightful sensation rest brings.

The only way to get some men to keep quiet is to elect them t' office.

Speaker Cannon was re-elected, but he is no longer the country's Uncle Joe.

All history goes to prove that a Democratic wave doesn't wave very long.

The Democratic party will now receive a lot of advice, which it won't accept.

There are 40 bankers in the Leavenworth prison; yet there is still room for more.

Gossiping is said to be good for the vasometer nerve. But it is hard on the neighbors.

Senator Beveridge is a young man. The Indiana voters couldn't take his youth from him.

In an election the people always have their own way, although it may not be your way.

The Prohibitionists never let defeat worry them. They are always in a state of preparedness.

Portugal is abolishing all its titles. That's something Kentucky would never think of doing.

Champ Clark declares that the United States census is a fraud. Champ was counted only once.

Those crazy Mexicans who tore an American flag to pieces should be forced to apologize and buy a new one.

Pennsylvania Republicans now understand the advantage of going into a campaign with a big normal plurality.

Religion and politics should be wedded, says one man. But would it be possible for them to live happily ever after?

They have put a man in jail in Philadelphia for selling bad eggs. Justice occasionally gets hold of the right fellow.

It is just possible that even Mr. Bryan could have been elected had he been running for anything at the late election.

The fellows who promise to marry if elected have the wrong idea. They are in greater need of consolation when defeated.

What has become of the old-fashioned politician who used to say, the day after defeat, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"?

Uncle Joe Cannon ought to be watched for a few days. There is some danger that he will throw the family Bible at the cat.

Prof. Percival Lowell is of the opinion that plants may grow on Halley's comet, but, try ever so hard, we can't get interested in the subject.

Portugal people want a government modeled after that of the United States, although it isn't just what some of our campaign orators would have it.

Dr. Cook's Eskimos say: "The following day he took observations with an instrument he held in his hand." Must have been a fountain pen.

The Missouri farmer who left an estate valued at $4,000,000 was not one of those agriculturists who put in half the time arguing that farming doesn't pay.

Here is a joke on the poets. The $250 prize offered by a western magazine for the best poem has been awarded to a woman in an insane asylum.

A Georgia preacher says he not only believes there is a hell but knows there is enough to go around. He may be right. Nobody ever complains of a shortage.

Critics say there is no music in "Home, Sweet Home." Maybe not, but there is something in it that will raise goose pimples on a sensitive spinal column.

Thirty-four aviators have met with fatal accidents during the past year. And yet some of them might have been run over by automobiles had they remained on earth.

A South Carolina man declares that he prayed for a box of carbolic salve and got it, but we can't believe him. The Lord doesn't encourage men who are too lazy to work.

SIDE-LIGHTS OF REVOLUTION.

There was a man in Lisbon who has been dodging his creditors or lying to them so long that he had the look of a hunted creature and the truth was not in him. A revolution came. The impecunious citizen enlisted for the cause and was given a rifle. He displayed so keen a sense for searching out royalists that he was publicly commended and promoted. Soon, he was able to point to the fact that every cell in one of the jails had been filled through his patriotic endeavors. Yet the man's sudden fame fell tumbling. It was discovered that the arrests he made were from among his creditors.

The Italian Sisters of Saint Dorothy held a well-earned reputation in Portugal for their skill in the kitchen. When the revolt broke out the volunteers who had been enlisted from the neighborhood of the convent told their officers that assuredly there must be a great store of dynamite within the walls. A raid was made. The volunteers rushed for the pantry. The other raiders, searching other parts of the building, became uneasy over the absence of their comrades. Swearing mighty threats they forced the sisters to lead the way. The missing volunteers were found. They were distended with pickles and over their faces were smears of jam. Were they punished? Not so. They were hailed jubilantly and their little party made a large one.

Think of finding an atom of humor in Lossing's account of the American Revolution! It isn't there. But just the same life then was not all grim battle, confusing politics, silly wrangles or heroic ventures. That's the trouble with history. It makes men out to be puppets or machines and ignores the fact that they are human beings.

THE LANDSLIDE.

"Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked."

As it was in the days of Moses, so it is now. A long period of fat and prosperous times breeds the ferment of wide and deep unrest. A nation grows discontented in its money-making and yields to the old tendency to upset what is on top and bring low what is high. The desire to smash things comes to the surface with resistless force and little discrimination.

The last Democratic congress went out of existence in 1895. In the fifteen years since then a new generation has grown up. It has had no personal knowledge of the effects of Democratic control of the lawmaking machinery of the national government. And it seems that every generation must burn its own fingers. In politics the children's teeth are not set on edge by the sour grapes the fathers have eaten.

This, in the large view, is the meaning of the general and emphatic Democratic victories last week Tuesday. The voters did little sifting of men and the principles they stood for, taking the country as a whole. They voted for the party that is out, against the party that is in. It was a landslide for a turn-over of national affairs.

The country has not discriminated between Cannonism and the Republican party. The evil influences that have swayed some of the self-appointed leaders of the Republican organization have brought disaster upon the whole party. The nation has made a grave mistake in its sweeping revolt against the party forced to bear the burden of its Cannons, its Aldriches and its Dicks, but the lesson will bring lasting good to the great organization so chastened.

Certain individuals ride the tidal wave of Democratic success in a way which cannot fail to fix the attention of the country. Governor Judson Harmon is the chief of these special beneficiaries of his party's sweeping triumphs. He stands today by far the most conspicuous and commanding figure in the national Democracy. He is almost certain to be the next Democratic candidate for President.

The great special interests in "big" business that have been the target at which millions of voters struck, often blindly and with misdirected fury, come out of the battle with their especial favorite given a fine start toward the White House. Ohio, a state surely desirous of weakening and curbing these privileged forces in politics, makes their particular favorite the most promising Presidential candidate of the victorious party.

By comparison with this outstanding and vital fact details are of little moment. They can be found, in great and strange variety, in the returns from many states. "Standpat" candidates have fallen with progressives. Here and there a Republican of each wing of the party has won a notable victory. But in the large sense the unrest, the eagerness for change, took small account of individuals. It made a great party its target and struck at everything Republican.

Jeshurun has kicked. If he ceases to wax fat he will soon kick harder in the opposite direction.

REPUBLICANISM'S FUTURE.

Gifford Pinchot, in his published interview on the election results, sounds a note of triumph for progressive Republican policies that the whole party should heed.

"Throughout the nation," says Mr. Pinchot, "wherever the battle was fought on straight progressive lines, untainted with concessions to reactionism and unshadowed by other issues, the progressives won."

The analysis of the returns justifies the claim. Indiana, which would otherwise appear as a notable exception, was swayed in its defeat of Beveridge by the injection of the liquor question. Without that the insurgent Indiana senator would have won. And aside from that state Mr. Pinchot's analysis stands the test of facts and figures.

The sweep of Democratic victory was inevitable. The opposition party has always won after a season of tariff making. The American people have never yet been satisfied with a new tariff measure and the obvious iniquities and intolerable weaknesses of the Payne-Aldrich bill emphasized the conditions. Added to that element of unrest was the patent disappointment of the country in the Taft administration, and the apparent and altogether natural revolt against the evils of Aldrichism, Cannonism, Ballingerism and the long train of leadership iniquities which have called the progressive Republican movement into being. The Republican party was slow about purging itself and the country took over the job.

The gravest danger in the blind revolt of the voters was the possibility of the crushing of the progressive Republican movement. The complete Morganizing of the Democratic party which has marked the last two years has made the progressive movement a vital necessity to the cause of decency and honor in governmental affairs. Of that fact there is no shadow of a doubt and it is a happy thing for the republic that political students may find in this latest party upheaval the absolute assurance that progressive Republicanism lives and grows in stature and grace.

The political tidal wave which has swept the old party leaders and bosses into oblivion has not left Republican devastation in its wake. It has, rather, swept clean a new land of glorious opportunity.

NO PROGRESS WANTED.

German capitalists have obtained concessions for a railroad leading from a Mediterranean port to the Persian gulf. The line would penetrate a district hitherto reached only by camel train. It would develop an agricultural section which needs but modern methods to be made to bloom as a flower garden. But, nevertheless, the railroad would be a dangerous enterprise.

The Suez canal is a very rich property for Great Britain, as she holds control of the stock, if virtually not owning the bulk of it outright. The canal is of great value also as a protective measure for India and the colonies in the South Pacific. The foreign office at London is seeking to have the German concession annulled, since it threatens both to take trade away from the Suez canal and to make the transportation of troops to India much easier. If Germany and England come to blows, as so long they have been giving indications of doing, this difficulty may prove the breaking argument.

Progress in Persia and Palestine is halted while the two nations quarrel. But, of course, neither Germany nor England care anything about that matter. They might, though, honor the Orientals by using their lands for a battlefield.

AN EMPIRE UNDER WATER.

There are 25,000,000 acres of swamp land in the south, vast areas bordering the Mississippi river and forming the hinterland of Louisiana. It is as if the state of Ohio were under water, rich but in its present condition incapable of production, an empire from which food and wealth might be taken, but which brings forth nothing for the benefit of men more valuable than catfish and wild fowl.

A convention is to meet in Memphis this week for the purpose of discussing projects for reclaiming these lands. An effort will be made to enlist the aid of the federal government. There is no reason why the government should not perform the whole work, if that can be carried out as the work of irrigating the western deserts is. Under the provisions of the reclamation act the farmers locating in each irrigation district will return every penny expended in bringing water to the soil. The government loses nothing, sacrifices nothing. If the titles of the states and of private owners will not serve as a barrier, the federal government can scarce hesitate to do for the south that which it is doing for the far west. The rewards are tremendous—homes for four or five million people, a new and extremely rich source of supply, and, not the least of all, the removal of a menace to health.

THE CHANGED SIBERIA.

It is not so long since Siberia was synonymous with all that was dreary and forbidding. The monotony of its great plains was broken only by struggling settlements here and there upon river bank or where rose the stockade of a prison. Bands of shackled convicts dragged for endless days through mud, against beating snow storms or in sun scarcely less cruel. There were strange people who lived in mysterious cities seldom visited and marked indefinitely upon the maps. In other parts there were roving bands, not less primitive than the Indians of America and credited with a history of even worse barbarity.

This is the picture of Siberia as George Kennan and other travelers impressed it upon the minds of American travelers. But Siberia has been changing—altering its aspect as settlement has made western Nebraska, Kansas and the Panhandle of Texas unrecognizable to the old time cattlemen and adventurers. There are large cities, industrial centers, railroads, mines and farm lands stretching from horizon to horizon. And now the city of Omsk is to hold a fair to which manufacturers all over Europe, and America are to send exhibits. Siberia, the place of dread, the land of living death, is blossoming. Some day even its dreadful history may be forgotten.

HEARTS ATTUNED.

The New York Sun interprets the election as follows:

For 14 years the Democratic party has been a derision to the heathen. It has been shut up in the Bedlam of Bryanism. At last it is discharged cured. It has become again the hope of conservative men, as the Republican party was in 1896. Its strength today lies in the best and soundest doctrines of its greatest days; its reverence for the constitution, strictly interpreted; its attachment to state rights; its hatred of federal interference and its dread of the extension of federal power. Whatever it has been in the last few years, whatever errors and innovations have crept into its creeds, it now stands the defender of the constitution and of self-government according to the constitution. It has once more leaders who command national respect. It is strong, capable, victorious, apparently equal to the responsibilities of power. This has been altogether too long a one party country. It is so no longer.

The Scripps-McRae League newspapers declare:

That man who can read into the results of Tuesday's elections throughout the country, anything but a repudiation of the reactionary Taft administration, ought to have his eyes treated.

The Sun—J. Pierpont Morgan's property—voices its gratitude for the outcome frankly and sincerely. The Scripps-McRae papers are just as thankful, but find hypocrisy and drivel a better vehicle in expressing their thanks.

A CHECK.

The lynching industry of Texas is like to suffer a severe season of depression. At a climax of its prosperity and popularity it has met with a rude turn in fortunes and its securities are falling.

A Mexican committed a murder, or was supposed to have done so. The community, following a long established custom, turned out, fastened the man to a stake and burned him to death. Feeling perfectly safe after this orgy in beastiality, the mob dispersed and the correspondents were enabled to send out their usual message to the effect that all was quiet again. But the Mexican government wants to know today why the murderer could not have been tried and punished by due process of law. It indicates that it does not care a fig about tradition or habit or taste in Texas, but it does care a good deal about the horror of burning one of its citizens alive. The Mexican public, too, is showing what it can do in the way of reprisal.

It has been the practice to despise the Mexican, to treat him like a dog and assume that he is a thief, a beggar, a liar and a coward by inheritance and choice. That was easy enough while Mexico was a weakling, unorganized and humble. But now that the republic is strong it won't do. The republic can redress its wrongs. It will force reparation in the present case if only by way of example. The Texas lynchers will have not only their state to explain matters to, but the federal government as well. The one might have been sympathetic, but the other—having the thought of an indemnity to irritate it—will be anything except sympathetic.

Lynching always falls into disfavor when a price has to be paid for it.

WHERE WE'RE WELL OFF.

Secretary Meyer is in favor of the abandonment of naval stations upon the South Atlantic coast and the retention of only one in the Gulf of Mexico. He believes that the yard at Guantanamo serves the needs of the navy in those seas and economy demands saving at once the money wasted upon upkeep.

The great floating dock at New Orleans cost more than $1,000,000. Two years after it had been finished the yard repaired twelve barges, lighters, dredges and schooners. In the year following it docked two dredges, two foreign vessels and one collier. This was in 1907. The governmental expenditures upon the New Orleans yard in that year amounted to $364,000. The work performed had a value of about $10,000.

Yet, if Secretary Meyer recommends the abandonment of the yard at New Orleans, delegations of business men will hire special trains to rush to Washington to protest. The congressional delegations of Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas will be banded together to oppose the saving. And as New Orleans acts so also will Pensacola, Key West, Port Royal and Charleston beslege congress and condemn the administration.

There are no navy yards or stations upon the lakes for any port to lose. We are lucky. It is fairly easy to be a patriot when no local interest is endangered.

THROUGH THE FURNACE.

The Democratic party is the party of 1904—property rights held supreme and above human rights, that unbending anachronism, the common law, an idol plastered with gold leaf, made its fetish.

The Republican party is the party it was at its birth—enlisted once more for high adventure in the warfare for mankind.

This is the true significance of Tuesday's election. Party names remain, but the parties are vastly altered. The greed and selfishness which had come to wield an influence for evil in the Republican party has frankly deserted, finding the shade of the banners too scant. The tools and servants of this selfishness and greed have been torn from their hold upon the party. Where they cling now it is only unsurely. Their voice is reduced to a whisper. They will fall away and be remembered but as warnings. The Republican party is being cleansed, purged. It may now proceed to restore its ancient alignment for building and betterment, write its creed more clearly and more boldly.

In New York, in Ohio, in Indiana, in Iowa and in Massachusetts the Democrats winning were of the Alton B. Parker type. The stock markets furnished them with treasure. The franchise owners threw them their favor. Business of the kind which prays protection and succor, whether right or wrong, went into the sewers for their aggrandizement. The Democratic organization of the north has pasted its convictions upon the billboards where everyone might see. The Democrats of the south do not count in the bargain. They were Democrats anyway, by inheritance and habit.

The biting satire of Mr. Dooley shows the character of the changed alignment:

If ye see an old gintleman with white side whiskers an' good rimmed glasses readin' th' Dhry Goods Economist in a corner by th' car don't go an' step on his feet. Set down beside him an' talk to him as a fellow Dimmycrat. If ye want to swing on annywan let go a punch at th' lean man with th' long hair that's denouncin' corporations because he was carrd past his block. He's a Republican.

We have more millyonaires in th' party thin ye'll find in a Socyalist novel. A bank prisidint in New York has been locked up be his family because he was heerd to say that he thought Tiddy Rosenfelt was a betther man thin Bin dick Arnold. His case is supposed to be incurable. Down in New York Dimmycrat arginints ar-re quoted on th' stock exchange. People in Fifth avnoo ar-re askin' each other what they ought to wear at th' Dimmycrat rally. It's "Mother, lave out me dhress soot an' me stovepipe hat; I'm goin' to a Dimmycratic meetin'." If ye register as a Dimmycrat ye get into th' socyal registher.

The people of this country have shown, election after election, year after year, that the tenets of the Republican party more nearly harmonize with their beliefs and their conscience than the principles of the Democratic party. They have seen, however, that success has drawn a following of exploiters, men striving for privilege and forcing their own selfish interests to the forefront to the detriment of the public interests. The people have done the best for themselves and for the Republicans by compelling the party to go through the process of refining. **The dross has been largely smelted away. There is more work** of the sort to be done, but it can be done easily and quickly.

It is our prediction that the Republican party will be back in control in the house at Washington two years hence, stronger, more constructive, more representative of Americanism than ever.

MORE FROM LITTLE FOLK.

The nagging of Commander Peary has received an amazing revival. He has been called upon once more to submit his proofs to congress. It is intimated that the National Geographical society, in declaring its faith that Peary reached the pole, acted without official authority. A German professor, having spread many pages of paper with figures, says the explorer didn't get there. The German has met with hearty response from America. It must be so, several newspapers say, and say it in such a way that Peary has reason to feel ashamed of the fact that he is an American.

The one who wrote of "the unfaltering littleness of mankind" struck one of the truest notes of life. When Dr. Cook floated his hoax many thousands gave him endorsement upon his mere word. Then when Commander Peary reached civilization a week later they were in such a state of fixed mentality that they could not admit the possibility of fraud on Dr. Cook's part and assailed Peary. Their irritation against the real explorer grew as the "faking" of the other became more apparent. Nor has it lessened. They despise Cook for fooling them and dislike Peary for showing that Cook fooled them. They will never forgive the man who did reach the North Pole. Even across the whiteness of his tomb may be expected a blotch of mud.

"Unfaltering littleness"—oh, wonderful truth!

WATTERSON'S WARNING.

Marse Colonel Watterson, after warning the victorious Democrats of their duty, says:

But we have had nearly fifty years of a protective tariff. Hundreds of millions of money have been invested and are yet embarked upon the faith of this. Hundreds of thousands of people look to it for their propserity and support. It cannot be precipitately withdrawn. If we are to change our policy from a protective system to a revenue system, it must be done so gradually and with such regard for the business of the country, which stands greatly in need of rest, as that the final transition shall be as the passing from one season to another, every interest warned beforehand and fully prepared.

In Marse Henry's paper we have been reading for years that the tariff was a gigantic swindle, its beneficiaries pickpockets and its advocates big gray wolves. If anything was detestable it was compared with the tariff and made thus to appear as clean as a bed sheet just hung out on the line. If trustees had betrayed their trusts, if cashiers had skipped with the cash, their crimes were but like a youngster's raid on an apple tree when set beside that monumental iniquity, the tariff.

Yet here is Marse Colonel Watterson shouting "Go slow!" The tariff being an abuse and an abomination, how is it that the famous anti-tariffer adjusts his conscience to a scheme of gradually getting good and law-abiding? Does he think that the horse-thief should break the habit of crime gradually by tapering off on mules? We never thought it of you, Marse Colonel. We are shocked. We dread lest soon you will think those of us who believe in the tariff fairly decent people and rightfully out of jail. That will blast our faith entirely that anyone sincerely wants the tariff operated upon, a faith already shaken by the hypocritical pap-hunting Democratic senators of the south.

THE STUDENT IN POLITICS.

American scholars for many years have avoided the storm center of politics, keeping safely to the margins and commenting upon such affairs as they saw them, and not as men who knew them. They took a pride in their aloofness from politics and some had the innocence to assume the self-congratulatory attitude of those foolish citizens of ours who never vote.

It is, therefore, a sign of progress that Dr. Woodrow Wilson has engaged in an active quest for office and everyone, whatever his political leanings, should take encouragement from his election. The student is a rarity in politics. We knew an officeholder once who could quote from Robert Burns for hours at a stretch, but it was his deputy who made up his reports and friends in the contracting business who framed his recommendations. He had no curiosity as to the why and wherefore of government and out of his ignorance, was impatient with all suggestions for improvement. Yet election after election the officeholder was returned—entirely with his ability to talk Scotch dialect musically. We mention him as a sample. There are thousands of others in office who have even less to recommend them. If Dr. Wilson can, by his entrance into public life, set a fashion he will do a vast amount of good in America. He isn't a pioneer, for in the days of abolition agitation there were many scholars in politics. He may represent, perhaps, a revival. Let us hope so.

The one Socialist in congress will not be expected to revolutize things in general. If he draws his salary regularly that is about all he will be able to accomplish.

Men and women have died from fits of laughter, but some girls can giggle from the time they are fifteen until married without suffering any apparent injury.

The man who says he used canceled stamps on his letters has sent a dime to the conscience fund. Let's hope that he feels better now.

"Some of the scientists are inclined to believe that primitive man had wings." This is equivalent to saying that primitive man was a bird.

A professor argues that there should be music in every home. There is, if the noise made by the alarm clock can be classed as music.

A woman lecturer says her sex must learn to argue. Evidently she doesn't believe the old method of stamping the foot will answer.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says a man can't love two women at the same time. Hardly, and keep out of the insane asylum.

TALKING POINT A PLEDGE.

The Democratic candidates for congress throughout the country, almost without exception, have charged the alarming rise in the cost of necessities to the legislation of Republicans. This has proved a potent influence for votes. It has given them arguments and topics where the natural unfamiliarity of politicians with economic problems had left them merely mouthing and swinging their arms.

The campaign expedient thus seized upon becomes now, as a result of the election, a party pledge. It will be for the Democratic house to relieve the pressure of high prices, or at least to frame laws attempting to relieve it. The impossibility of doing either will be apparent the moment the subject is studied. It has been apparent from week to week as the census bureau has issued its reports and before that by close investigation of the sources of supply and the direction of consumption. But the candidates had neither time nor inclination to consider the facts as they were. They had a slogan and they made the best of it. They had a subject which touched the interests of every voter and they played the whole octave of it.

The new congress can't avoid attacking the problem. The Democratic house may go as far as to write bills, pass them and put them up to the Republican senate, trusting that the opposition will destroy the measures and still leave the Democrats the credit of good intentions. We doubt, though, that such a maneuver can succeed. It is one thing to fool a people in the excitement and hurry of an election campaign, another to carry off an insult to intelligence in the deliberate process of law-making.

The Democrats have constructed a Frankenstein which may turn and destroy them.

SOMETHING ABOUT OATS.

The world produces more oats in bushels than it does either corn or wheat, but as the grain weighs less per bushel both corn and wheat exceed it in total production in pounds. Yet the crop has a comparatively narrow geographical range, doing well only in the north. Washington, Idaho and Montana do best with oats and in Europe the grain flourishes most prosperously in Norway, Sweden, Germany and Great Britain. The average production of oats has been 3,694,702,000 for the five years 1905-1909, that of corn 3,443,169,000 and of wheat, 3,336,789,000. Last year oats had a yield of 4,295,865,000 bushels.

Corn, cotton, wheat and hay exceed oats in point of crop value in the United States. It is estimated that all of the cereals produced last year in this country were worth $3,000,000,000, of which oats are entitled to a credit of 13 per cent. The acreage in oats is less than that in corn, wheat and hay, but it is larger than the acreage devoted to cotton. Nearly two per cent of the total land area of the United States is now given over to the raising of oats. This is about three times that in the years between 1870 and 1880. Moreover the average production per acre has increased, being 29.5 bushels in the last 10 years as compared with 28.4 in 1870-1879.

Though the northwest can produce the best oats, the most oats are produced in Iowa and Illinois; Wisconsin and Indiana following. Ohio leads the list after these states are left out of the consideration.

Washington gives a mean yield per acre of 46.3 bushels. Montana comes next with 43.3. Coming east of the Mississippi we find that Wisconsin farmers harvest more bushels per acre than farmers in any other state of the section, running a tenth of a bushel ahead of the producers of Ohio.

Dr. Johnson said that oats were the food of horses in England, of men in Scotland. The line is not drawn so sharply in America. Here oats are considered good for horses and men, for poultry and children, for cows and advertising writers.

A Vienna physician attributes the increase of diseases of the respiratory organs to the practice among men of going clean shaven. But if we wear whiskers there is the danger of germs. It seems that nothing but prayer will save us.

A Parisian modiste says in 20 years the old-fashioned hoopskirt will be in vogue. Don't believe it. Twenty years from now women will be riding in aeroplanes, and the old-fashioned hoopskirt can never be adapted to high flying.

One preacher has startled the members of his congregation by telling them that there are cases where lying is excusable. After they have had a little time to think it over they may decide to raise his salary.

President Taft enjoyed his trip to Panama. He found the voyage much more pleasant than remaining at home to put two and two together in an endeavor to find the cause of the late disaster.

A Massachusetts man has inherited a farm with the provision that he is to forfeit it if he gets drunk. If he should happen to get half drunk there would be a splendid chance for an interesting argument.

If the Socialist party is not careful the responsibility of running things may some day fall to its lot, and then it will wish it had been less active in accumulating bother.

The corn crop, the biggest in the history of the country, did not vote the Republican ticket this year.

Those Mexicans went after the American flag like a pup pulling a new shirt off the clothesline.

This year's second crop of plums will be picked by the Democrats.

Largest Oil Tanks.

Popular Mechanics.

Two concrete reservoirs for oil, said to be the largest in the world, are in the course of construction at San Luis Obispo, Cal., each of which will have a capacity of 1,000,000 barrels of oil. The reservoirs are to cost $500,000, and the oil to fill them will be piped from the Bakersfield, Maricopa, Coalinga and Midway wells. When the tanks are filled the oil in them will flow by gravity to the pumping station at San Luis Obispo, from thence will be pumped directly to the tank steamers at Port Hartford.

Mr. William T. Ellis' Sunday School Articles

One of the most regrettable explanations The Blade has ever had to make concerns the absence from its columns, for two weeks, of William T. Ellis' exposition of the International Sunday School Lessons. The omissions were entirely unavoidable so far as this paper is concerned. The disappointing circumstance is explained by the fact that Mr. Ellis is now in the Holy Land, and he is writing his articles in that far away region. It is probable that he miscalculated the time required for them to reach America, where they are put in type and distributed for publication. For two weeks the letters reached this office after The Blade had gone to press.

Mr. Ellis has been cabled and arrangements have been made to facilitate the distribution of his articles after their arrival. There has been no intention of discontinuing this feature of The Blade, and it is now hoped that the difficulty has been overcome and that the Sunday school column will appear each week.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN SOULS BLEED

International Sunday School Lesson for November 20 Is, "Jesus in Gethsemane," Matt. 26:36-56.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Not everybody goes to Europe or sees the ocean, or visits the metropolis, or hears the best music, but there are certain greater experiences which come to every life that is more than a mere existence. One of these mountain peaks of life is called Gethsemane, when the soul passes into the garden of loneliness and renunciation and sweats the drops of blood that become rubies in the crown of character. The universality of sorrow and suffering is one of the great facts of life. Man's noblest soul-mark is the capacity for vicarious pain. The two highest points yet gained by any representative of the race are the rocky crest called Calvary, and the silent gray olive orchard known as Gethsemane.

Youth and ignorance plan only for pleasure; age and wisdom pray that they may suffer nobly and serve by their suffering. The experience of spirit-anguish such as we study today in the case of Jesus in the Garden comes to a growing personalities. It is the dead flesh that feels no pain; the more keenly alive and sensitive to suffering an organism the higher it stands in the scale of life. Capacity for sorrow is a measure of the inner man. Poets and philosophers give Jesus the first place among all who have borne our humanity, because he endured most and in the kingliest fashion.

The Difference in Men.

Two persons come through a massacre or an earthquake; both endure indescribable hardship and horror. One—and usually the one who has acquitted himself most nobly in the crisis—is seared and shattered to the very core of his being; the other makes the louder outcry at first, but bears fewer scars. The reason is that persons differ in their ability to suffer. The poet feels the amputation of a finger more than the laborer feels the loss of an arm. We do not understand the tragedy of Gethsemane until we recall that it was Jesus, the most finely organized man that ever lived, who underwent the ordeal. He was human but he suffered like a god.

Everybody who meets pain should bear this principle in mind. The greater the suffering, the better fitted the character to endure it. Gross souls may howl like a dog under the whip when suffering overtakes them; those of nobler mold take their sorrow to the lonely recesses of some garden and there from God learn the secret of resignation. Quite as suggestive as the anguish of the bloody sweat beneath the olive trees was the calm and comforting demeanor of the Master in the upper room, and his majestic serenity when the traitor, the soldiers and the temple police drew near. Before God his spirit bent low in anguish; among men he walked with tearless eye and word of comfort. That was the model Gentleman of all time.

The Comfort of Out of Doors.

There is a deal of foolish gush and sentimentality spoken and written about the love of nature. The passion may be, though, a real and deep one, and strongest in the simplest characters. Jesus was an out-of-doors man. Some persons who rave over the beauties of nature are very fastidious about a little dirt and are regular customers of the professional manicurist. Jesus, though, slept often on the ground, with only the soft Syrian skies for his covering. He plodded afoot many dusty miles, amid the darting lizards and the intimate flowers. Since having had to do so myself I know how he broke the tough native bread, covered with dust, and ate it with no sauce but hunger and water. He doubtless sought the warmth of the animals in the khan court on cold nights, even as his mother had done on that first Christmas eve. The hills and the sea and the peace of the trees were very real to him, and in his hour of agony he went forth to a garden.

Pity the person who must undergo his heart-cries in close rooms and amid the noisy companionship of uncomprehending fellows. The open air, the infinite reaches of the sky, and, especially, the roaring tumult of the ocean in storm—these are the fitter surroundings for those great battles wherein man's destiny is determined. Make friends out-of-doors and nature will be a real comforter in the seasons of stress and storm. There is no loneliness in the vastness and silence of nature.

"Into the woods my Master went
Clean forespent, clean forespent;
Into the woods my Master came
Forespent with love and shame.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame."

The Loneliness of Pain.

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." At the same time most hearts are seeking to share that knowledge. The quest for sympathy, for comprehension and for comfort, is as universal as pain. The spirit beats its wings in vain against the imprisoning bars of its own personality; each would be himself, yet disclose himself to another. This can never be. Nobody is every fully understood. Man and wife may live together for a generation in congenial intimacy, and at the end remain each an undiscovered continent to the other. Friend may grope toward the soul of friend, but two personalities never really merge. This is the mystery of individuality; the mark which God has put upon the human spirit as if to reserve it for himself and his own perfect sympathy.

With a human hunger for fellowship Jesus took Peter, James and John into the Garden of Gethsemane with him. Alone, though, he had to go into the innermost recesses for his soul-struggle. The anguish of that hour no man might witness or understand. The deepest experiences of every heart are a mystery to those nearest and dearest.

We may not draw aside the veil from that holy night. How bitter was the cup the Saviour had to drink is not for us to know, but all the draughts of anguish that have since been put to mortal lips have been sweetened by it. In his loneliness the whole world finds fellowship.

The message of Gethsemane is that the incarnate God has entered into fellowship with mortal pain. Jesus suffered alone that he might share the sorrows of all who must bear this cross of pain. Whoever now enters the dark garden of Gethsemane finds the agonizing, soul-rent, bloody-browed Redeemer there, sharing the comfort of the angels with his friends.

Varieties

The famous Hoosac tunnel will be electrified.

Russia manufactures neither clocks nor watches.

A new meter registers how long a telephone is used.

Deprived of food, a mole will starve to death in a day.

Coal is cheaper in China that anywhere else in the world.

Liverpool claims to be the best lighted city in the united kingdom.

At least $720,000,000 worth of property is always on the sea.

Four per cent of the people of Great Britain live by agriculture.

Suicide is less prevalent in Ireland than in any other country in the world.

The average pulse of a healthy man beats 72 times a minute.

Morocco uses about 2,000 barrels of American cottonseed oil yearly.

In Germany bicycles are now used almost exclusively by the working classes.

Mexico now has a smokeless powder factory with an annual capacity of 110,000 pounds.

More than two-thirds of the natives of China are agriculturists, using methods centuries old.

The Cape Cod canal, now in the course of construction, will cost about $12,000,000.

A German artist carries a portable house about with him on his automobile on painting tours.

The women of Bayanzi, on the Congo, wear wedding rings of brass welded around their necks.

Egypt's land is for the most part divided up into small holdings of from half an acre to five acres.

The latest emergency ration adopted for the United States army condenses each meal into a tablet of four ounces.

The Witwatersrand district of South Africa is the greatest gold producing center of the world at the present time.

An alternating current of electricity plunges back and forth through the filament of an incandescent lamp 120 times a second.

The value of the output of Quebec's mines has more than doubled in 10 years, from $2,546,076 in 1900 to $5,562,062 last year.

A large proportion of the so-called Holland flowering bulbs imported into this country every year in reality come from the south of France.

Mary A. Calahan, principal of a public school at Birmingham, Ala., for more than 30 years, has a statue in that city in Capital park.

With a view to horses' comfort a Philadelphian has invented a check rein operating from the sides of the head instead of from the top.

The surface soil and rock have been removed from a big Pennsylvania anthracite mine and the coal now is easily taken out by steam shovels.

Within the last 10 years the Methodist church in the Philippines has grown to a membership of 30,000, and 600 Filipinos are preaching.

There are nearly 27,000 reindeer in Alaska, the descendants of about 600 which were imported less than a dozen years ago.

Experts have estimated the waters of the state of Washington as capable of producing 3,000,000-horsepower, of which but 163,000-horsepower is utilized.

Even in Honan, distant only two days by rail from Pekin, lump silver, the same cumbrous currency that has been used for centuries, is still employed.

Decatur, Ill., has a most considerate coroner. Instead of sitting on the body, he resuscitated the subject of the inquest and took him home with him to dine.

Constantinople tramways have passed from Belgian control into the hands of a German syndicate. The system is being made over much as was that in Chicago.

A machine designed to prevent the alteration of checks or the forging of signatures to negotiable paper has been patented by a convict in a California prison.

A distinguished Vienna physician has attributed the increase in diseases of the respiratory organs to the growing practice among men of going clean shaven.

The British Weights and Measures association is receiving much encouragement in its campaign for the abolition of the 112-pound hundredweight in the United Kingdom.

Wine culture has been setadily decreasing in France. Last year that republic imported 164,260,906 gallons of wine. Large tracts of vineyards have been abandoned since 1875.

Timber is protected from dry rot and insect attacks by boiling it and allowing it to cool in and absorb a saccharine solution by a new process that comes from Australia.

Next to the Washington monument, the new Pilgrims' monument on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, which is 272 feet high, is the loftiest structure of soil masonry on this continent.

An electric potato peeler for hotels and restaurants revolves a container with a roughened lining, which grinds off the skins as the potatoes are driven against it by centrifugal force.

Although one-fourth of the area of Saxony is wooded the kingdom seldom has a serious forest fire because of the vigilance of the foresters and rigid laws for the prevention of such fires.

English people are very fond of tomatoes, for which they pay from 5 to 10 cents a pound on the London market. England used about $7,000,000 worth of tomatoes grown in the Canary Islands last year.

With automobiles coming into common use, the prices of horses rose from an average of $95.64 each in 1908 to $108.12 a head in 1909. In numbers the horses of the United States increased from 20,040,000 to 21,040,000.

Plans have been completed for the establishment of great preserves in Africa where the elephant may be free from the attacks of the hunters. In some parts of the Dark Continent the elephant has been exterminated.

Iron cloth is largely used today by tailors everywhere for the purpose of making the collars of coats sit properly. This cloth is manufactured from steel wool and has the appearance of having been woven from horsehair.

The artificial silk industry is now assuming large proportions, the world's output being given at about 3,000,000 kilos per annum at the present rate of production, against 1,700,000 kilos in 1908, and 600,000 kilos in 1896.

Carlyle compared the advance of the world to the progress of some drunken man who, reeling from one side of the street to the other, slowly and at the expense of much wasted effort, finally arrives at his destination.

During a period covering one year, and the last year of which there is any definite report, there were admitted at Ellis Island, New York, 424 insane persons. Immigration inspectors succeeded in deporting all of this number.

Catherine Te-Kak-wi-tha, the first Indian nun, a Mohawk, who was converted to Christianity in 1660, has a cross erected to her memory and a statue in her honor at St. Joseph's seminary at Auriesville, Montgomery county, New York.

On the railroads of the United States there are 100,000 engines, carrying millions of cars and hauling 2,000,000,000 tons of freight. This practically equals all the tonnage carried by all the railroads and ships of the rest of the world.

The returns for last year, under the workmen's compensation act in England, show that compensation was paid in 3,341 cases of death and 332,612 cases of disablement. The average death payment was $770, and in case of disablement $26.50.

The most notable monuments in Elmwood cemetery, Memphis, were erected in hon

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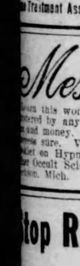

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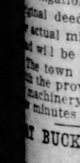

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IT MUST RUN GRIST MILL

New York Town to Operate One in Park to Keep Land.

New York, Nov. 12.—The old town of East Hampton, Long Island, finds itself under the necessity of maintaining a municipally owned gristmill in the public park whether it desires to do so or not.

Investigation shows that under the original deed the mill must be used for actual milling work or title to the land will be valueless.

The town authorities will comply with the provision by running the machinery of the ancient mill for a few minutes every day.

T BUCKWHEAT CAKES—DIE

Dead From Poisoning and Another Critically Ill.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 12.—Moses Millman and his two children were found ill in their home in Slocum township yesterday. The wife and mother is now in a critical condition at the hospital. The cause of the deaths is charged to poisoning from eating buckwheat cakes.

ve You Asthma in Any Form?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in every form in the wonderful Himalya treatment. Its cures are really marvelous. Himalya can be purchased from druggists—if not in stock, it can be had from their jobber or wholesaler. To prove beyond doubt its wonderful curative power the Himalya Co., 219 Howard street, Detroit, Mich., will send a trial bottle free by mail to every reader of Weekly Blade who suffers from any form of Asthma. Send your name and address on a postal card. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

WOMAN WITH CIGARET NEVER SEEN BY W. C. T. U. PRESIDENT

Baltimore, Nov. 12.—Drinking and cigaret smoking are not on the increase among the women of America, according to Lillian M. N. Stevens, president of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. Addressing the annual convention of the organization here today, she said in part:

"We are som times told that drink among women is on the increase. It can hardly be so among the outcasts and lower classes, for it is largely drink which has brought them where they are. Alcoholic beverages cannot justly, even among women, be called a class drink, for alcohol in the costly wineglass is as deadly and dangerous as it is in the dingy whiskey mug.

"We are sometimes told that there is much cigaret smoking among women. In the course of my travels in England and America I have never seen a woman with a cigaret in her mouth, except in certain localities in New Mexico, where the surroundings were not at all pleasant to contemplate. There is reason to believe that some women in England do smoke cigarets and we are told that there are some in America of like habit. I have seen now and then a woman in a hovel smoking a pipe.

"I am glad that the National and World's W. C. T. U. have a department of Anti-Narcotics and I am happy in believing that the number of women who smoke cigarets in elegant homes or who smoke tobacco in any form in the tramp lodging houses are very few in this country, and I am particularly glad that the youths are being taught to shun the nicotine poison, and this teaching is greatly helped by the requirement of many business firms that their employes shall not use cigarets."

Evil, if Not Organized.

Referring to the "white slave" traffic, the speaker reviewed recent federal, state and city attempts to stifle it and continued:

"It matters little whether the traffic is 'organized' or not. The fact that it exists in New York and elsewhere is sufficient to arouse humanity loving people. Without any exaggeration it is appalling enough to arouse the most apathetic, and investigations in some cities have revealed that even little girls in their infancy are sold into these dens of infamy."

Mrs. Stevens vigorously recommended an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting polygamy and giving to congress power to enforce such prohibition by suitable legislation. She quoted a resolution to this end which has already been adopted by New York, West Virginia, Delaware, Missouri, Iowa, Maine, North Dakota, New Jersey, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, California, Minnesota and Washington. "We earnestly hope," she added, "that the W. C. T. U. in the remaining states will make a determined effort to secure the adoption of this resolution. It can be introduced into either branch of the legislature and if adopted concurrence given by the other branch."

Women's Suffrage Sentiment Greater.

The Jeffries-Johnson prize fight came in for its share of criticism and Mrs. Stevens urged adoption of the bill now pending in congress prohibiting the interstate transportation of fight pictures. Linking woman suffrage with the cause of temperance, she said:

"It is an encouraging sign of the times that many prominent newspapers and journals recently have printed so much that is favorable to woman's suffrage. Today, as never before, women work in professions and occupations from which they were formerly debarred; and share with men in educational opportunities and honors. True manliess and true womanliness will be permanently maintained, not through the supremacy of either sex, but by equality and justice to all, irrespective of sex. This is the keynote of the woman's suffrage movement."

Other subjects touched upon in the address were the need for a federal law giving prohibition states the power to regulate interstate shipments of liquor, the benefit of the anti-canteen law and the progress of prohibition states.

"The trade still continues its cry that prohibition interferes with personal liberty and creates hypocrisy," she said, "but people capable of reasoning know that this accusation would apply with equal logic to all laws enacted to prevent crime. One of the latest charges against prohibition is that it is a drawback to education and religion.

"This is in strong contrast to the fact that Maine, which has more teachers in proportion to the population than the near-license state of Massachusetts, and at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held a few months ago it was reported in the session of education that a large number of pupils are graduated from the elementary schools in Maine than from any other New England state, and certainly it is a mark of religious observance that Maine leads all the other states in the use of the Bible in the public schools.

The Liquor Issue in Maine.

"The issue in the late gubernatorial campaign in Maine was not protbition. The high cost of living, combined with insurgent and tariff ideas, such as are prevailing in many other states, resulted in a change of officials, which will make it harder than ever for the temperance people in Maine to withstand the attacks of the enemies of prohibition within, and especially from without the state. We have reason to believe that the Maine voters, should resubmission be thrust upon them, would do as they did in 1884, when they voted upon the question—sustain with a large majority the law which has brought untold benefits and blessings to the homes of Maine."

Mrs. Stevens repeated her charge of last year that drink not only induces poverty, but poverty induces drink.

"Much criticism has been expended on me for declaring in my third biennial address before the World's W. C. T. U. in June last, she said, "that intemperance caused poverty. I am now ready not only to reiterate that cardinal doctrine but to add that poverty causes intemperance. By that declaration I am ready to stand or fall. I did not say that poverty causes intemperance in the same degree that intemperance causes poverty; nor do I think it does, but as we have not been wont to recognize poverty at all among the procuring causes of intemperance it seems to me high time that we did so.

Touches Poverty Closely.

"One reason why poverty may cause intemperance is that the saloon, the blind tiger or other liquor selling places are not usually located in the districts where the rich or well to do live, but they are often nearby or in the midst of abodes of the poverty class, and the poor as well as the rich often yield to the temptation of the saloon."

The American people should frown on the proposal of drinking the President's health in an alcoholic beverage in the W. C. T. U. president's opinion. She said:

"Quite recently our daily papers have had somewhat to say relative to the reported statement of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, ambassador to Great Britain, in which he advocates the adoption in this country of the custom of drinking a toast to our president in the same form that Great Britain's people drink to the health of their king.

"The president of the United States is entitled to as much good cheer and good health as the king or queen or any country, but we should condemn any custom which calls for the use of wine or other alcoholic liquor, and it surely would be out of place to drink to the health of President Taft in alcoholic liquor since on public occasions he has himself so splendidly set to the young men of this nation the example of total abstinence. Ambassador Reid did not suggest the kind of drink to be used."

Outlook Not Discouraging.

Of the outlook, the author said:

"We need not be at all discouraged by the report that the falling off in the consumption of liquor in 1908 and 1909 will be nearly wiped out by the gains in the consumption during the year 1910. Instead of losing courage we should be all the more deeply impressed with the fact that never in the history of the temperance reform as during the last months has the liquor fraternity been so desperately alert. We should remember that comparatively few of the million immigrants who have come to our shores during the year bring with them temperance ideas and total abstinence habits. The temperance reform has great obstacles to overcome but we of the W. C. T. U. are sure of ultimate victory."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, Nov. 16.—A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 390, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

INTERESTING CASE FOR TRIAL

Widow and Doctor to Answer for Professor's Death.

Kirksville, Mo., Nov. 14.—Both the prosecution and the defense in the Vaughn murder case are busily engaged in completing arrangements for the trial, which will take place at the November term of the circuit court, which convened today at Lancaster, near here. The unusual mystery surrounding the murder, if murder there was, and the prominence of all the parties concerned have combined to attract wide attention to the case, and the trial promises to be one of the most notable of its kind that has taken place in Missouri for a long time.

The defendants in the case are Mrs. Alma Proctor Vaughn, widow of the alleged victim, and Dr. James R. Hull, who was Mrs. Vaughn's family physician. The two are accused of poisoning Mrs. Vaughn's husband, Prof. John T. Vaughn, who at the time of his death filled the chair of American history in the state normal school here.

The death of Prof. Vaughn occurred October 14, 1909. Though apparently in the best of health when he arrived home from church on the night of his death, he died in convulsions 30 minutes later.

The frivolous behavior of the widow within a few days after the death of her husband first aroused the public suspicion and later led to an official inquiry into the cause of Prof. Vaughn's sudden death. The body was exhumed and an examination by the chemist of Missouri State university is said to have disclosed the presence of strychnine. The grand jury then returned indictments charging first degree murder against Mrs. Vaughn and Dr. Hull.

Eminent counsel have been retained to defend Mrs. Vaughn and Dr. Hull. It is understood that the defense will rely upon a contention that Prof. Vaughn was in the habit of taking tablets containing strychnine, and that his death was the result of an accidental overdose of the medicine.

THREATENS J. D. ROCKEFELLER

Hungarian Arrested for Trying to Extort $50,000.

New York, Nov. 12.—Charged with writing a threatening letter to John D. Rockefeller demanding $50,000, Peter Lilipohn, a Hungarian, 23, is held at police headquarters here.

Huga Kardoff, who accuses Lilliljohn of sending the letter to him to be forwarded to Mr. Rockefeller made the complaint which caused the young Hungarian's arrest.

Kardoff told detectives he received three letters from Lilliljohn yesterday afternoon. One, written in Hungarian, was addressed to the Standard Oil magnate and contained the demand for $50,000. The others were addressed to Kardoff and directed him to translate and forward the message to Mr. Rockefeller under threat of death.

ARMOUR SEES LOWER PRICES

Head of Packing Concern Says Meats Will Lead Decline.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 12.—Charles W. Armour, head of the Armour interests here, yesterday said he believed food prices had reached their climax and are now on the down grade.

"General food prices are working toward a lower basis," he said. "The cereals are getting down. People are going to take advantage of lower prices, and that will have a tendency to relieve the stringency in meat prices, especially pork."

Just when the lower prices are to come Mr. Armour said he did not know.

DIES IN MIDST OF SERMON

Long Island Preacher Topples Over Overcome by Heart Trouble.

New York, Nov. 14.—With his arm uplifted in appeal, Dr. Ferdinand O. Zesch, of the German Presbyterian church, was stricken in the pulpit at Jamaica, L. I., last night and died before he could be taken from the church. His face became convulsed as he reached the climax of a spirited sentence, his raised hand fell on the open Bible and he toppled backward in the pulpit.

His parishioners carried him to a cushioned pew, but he only motioned feebly to his heart and died before further aid could be summoned.

WINS GIRL WITH AUTO

Poor Girl Becomes Bride of Millionaire.

Pittsburg, Nov. 12.—A romantic Pittsburg courtship of two years' length was ended in the Bellevue-Stratford hotel in Philadelphia last Thursday afternoon when Miss Florence Finley became the wife of Charles Arrott, a Pittsburg millionaire.

Miss Finley was the only support of her widowed mother, and she worked until last Monday as a writer of advertising in one of the large downtown stores of Pittsburg.

News of the elopement—for such the friends of both say it was—did not leak out until yesterday, when it became known that Mr. and Mrs. Arrott were now in Pittsburg making preparations to go to Florida, and intending to go from there to Italy for the winter on a honeymoon.

Charles Arrott is one of the sons of the late James W. Arrott, multimillionaire, and one of the best known of Pittsburg's rich men. A few years ago he divorced his wife and was awarded the custody of a small daughter, who is now with the second Mrs. Arrott.

Two years ago while Christmas shopping with his little daughter, Arrott entered a downtown store, and there met the young woman who is now his bride. She was writing the advertising for a certain line of goods in which Arrott at that time was interested and he became greatly interested in her.

He became greatly devoted to her and proposed marriage. Again and again Miss Finley refused, explaining that she had her mother to support and that she would not allow a husband to take this work of love off her hands.

Miss Finley was passionately fond of autoing, but it was only occasionally that she would ride with him; she was afraid, she said, that "People would think there was an engagement." Finally, a short time ago, Arrott bought a beautiful $5 000 auto and sent it to Miss Finley with the injunction that she must not be foolish and refuse it and that he was determined that she accept the car even if she would not accept him.

"How will it look for me to go to work each morning to a $30-a-week job in a $5 000 car?" she asked.

And poor rich Arrott could only twirl his hat and say he hoped she would not long continue to talk to him about working; that she did not have to work, etc.

Finally, Arrott's persistency and his motor car won out. Miss Finley took time to think the matter over and finally she said she would be Mrs. Arrott at some future date, but the matter must be kept very quiet and the auto must be sent to a garage until she was ready to be married, for people might talk, etc., if they saw her in this fine new car.

FRENCH SEE LOW TARIFF IN DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

Paris, Nov. 10.—The French press continues today its comment upon the results of the American elections, and directs attention to the international significance of the Democratic successes as presaging lower tariffs in the United States and the consequent opening up of a bigger market for the products of Europe.

The Figaro, in the course of an extended review of the returns expresses the opinion that the result was "a crushing defeat for Mr. Roosevelt" to be explained in part by his abuse of his popularity and partly by the country's apprehensions, that in his overpowering ambitions loomed a danger to the democracy a way to an autocracy, a one-man power and, perhaps, a life presidency.

The royalist Gaulois thinks that the Catholic clergy influenced the check on Mr. Roosevelt because of the unpleasant incident with the vatican when the colonel refused to accept certain terms as conditional to an audience with the pope.

GETS NEW SUMMER CAPITOL

President Leases Fine Place Near Beverly.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 14.—Beverly will remain the summer capital for two years more at least. "Parramatta," one of the largest estates along the North Shore, was leased Saturday for the use of President Taft and his family in 1911 and 1912. The estate is near the Montserrat station, about eight minutes' walk from the ocean, and about half a mile from the Evans estate.

"Parramatta" consists of 65 acres. It was developed by the late Henry W. Peabody, a Boston merchant, and became one of the show places of the North Shore.

The mansion, which is about 15 years old, is of the modernized colonial type. It contains 20 rooms, arranged in a way that will be especially useful to the President. Alterations will be begun at once.

CORNHUSKER SEEKING HONORS

Illinoisan Picks and Cribs 1,000 Bushels in Eight Days.

Kewanee, Ill., Nov. 14.—On his record of picking and cribbing over 1,000 bushels of corn in eight days, Porter C. Funderberg is laying claim to the championship of the state as a corn picker.

He can husk and crib 150 bushels of corn in ten hours, and will do better, he says, if pushed. He is employed on the farm of A. W. Shifflet, of Ohio, Bureau county.

8-YEAR-OLD RESCUES BABY

Pittsburg, Nov. 14.—Stripping off her coat like a "grown-up" eight-year-old Martha Stauffer of Elmsworth, a suburb, jumped into a pond yesterday and rescued from drowning her 3-year-old brother, that had fallen in while throwing stones.

The child swam to the bank in four feet of water, supporting her little charge.

10 WOMEN Who DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

REDMOND IS ATTACKED

Irish Leader Called Dictator With Gold.

London, Nov. 12.—John E. Redmond, leader of the Nationalists in parliament, who has just returned from an American campaign in behalf of the Irish cause, is now the subject of severe attack by some of the newspapers. One of them yesterday devoted practically the whole of its issue to the return of Redmond, using such headlines as "the dictator with dollars," "American gold."

Another newspaper advises candidates to rub into their constituents that "Redmond with $200,000 is about to reappear to this country for the work of tearing down the British constitution with American money."

It is significant that the trend of feeling in Liberal circles distinctly favors an immediate election, and it is generally considered that this would stand an excellent chance of securing an increased majority in the house of commons.

On the other hand the conservatives are suffering from lack of cohesion and an influential section of the party is openly hostile to Mr. Balfour's leadership, his policy being not aggressive enough for them.

The campaign practically began last night with speeches in all parts of the country. Organizations of all kinds are getting on their war paint. Not the least of these are the suffragettes, whose cry "down with the veto and the prime minister." The Unionists will fight their campaign on the home rule issue.

$1,000,000 BET IN NEW YORK

Estimated That Amount Changed Hands After Election.

New York, Nov. 10.—This was the day for cashing in on election bets, and one Tammany election captain hired an express wagon—a union express wagon—to do it. When he had made the rounds he had a full load of new hats and boxes of cigars.

Down town in the financial district, along the curb, on "change" and up town in "Peacock alley" and the hotel corridors it is estimated that fully $1,000,000 changed hands. One curb broker is said to have handed $250,000. Fred Brooks, the old time betting commissioner, says he placed $250,000. Another broked made $5,000 in commissioners and $20,000 in backing his own judgment.

Oddly enough the heaviest individual loss reported befell a man who bet on Dix, but placed his plurality at 75,000 or better.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, HAS 46 921

Washington, Nov. 12.—The population of Springfield, Ohio, is 46,921, an increase of 8,668, or 22.7 per cent. compared with 38,253 in 1900.

The population of Huntington, W. Va., is 31,161, an increase of 19,238 or 161.4 per cent. over 11,923 in 1910.

"I Suffered Years With My Back."

Backache resulting from weak kidneys, a bad cold or other cause, usually renders the sufferer unfit for work and often results in permanent disability.

"I suffered for years with my back, or kidney trouble, and have tried a number of remedies from different physicians. More than a year ago, one of our local druggists induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

and after using them some three months I found a decided improvement in my kidneys, and I am glad to say that I hope soon to be fully restored to health." J. P. ALLEN, Ex-Judge City Court, Glasgow, Ky.

As long as pain is present in any part of the body rest is impossible and the system becoming weakened is exposed to any form of disease to which the sufferer may be inclined.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

by steadying the irritated nerve centers, make refreshing sleep possible, thereby enabling the body to recover lost strength. As a remedy for pain of any description Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are unsurpassed.

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee assuring the return of the price of the first box if no benefit results.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

BRYAN SEES SENATE REFORM

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 11.—Interpreting the Democratic victory of Tuesday as an endorsement of what heretofore he has said was the paramount issue, election by popular vote of United States senators, W. J. Bryan declares there is much cause for rejoicing. In the course of a statement yesterday, in which he exulted in what he declared was the overthrow of Cannonism, Mr. Bryan said:

"The Democrats gain several seats in the United States senate and these, with gains made by the Progressive Republicans, make it probable that the senate will submit a constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. Mr. Taft had an opportunity to recommend the submission of this amendment, and had he done so he would have secured the credit for his administration, but he failed to do so, and now the honor will go to the Democrats and Progressive Republicans.

"The Democrats have carried New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio and Indiana. Let us hope that they will appreciate their responsibility."

U. S. MAY SUE RAILROAD

Southern Pacific Thought to Have Got Too Much Oil.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Attorney General Wickersham, by direction of President Taft, has begun an inquiry to determine whether 6,000 acres of valuable oil lands in California were known to contain oil when patented to the Southern Pacific railway company. If such is the case, suit to recover will be instituted.

President Taft decided to act after several conferences with Secretary Ballinger and the attorney general, just before he left Washington on his trip to Panama. The allegation has been made to the president that thousands of acres of public lands have been patented to individuals with the knowledge that they contained oil and in many cases found their way into the hands of corporations.

TOLSTOI DESERTS WIFE

Woman Prostrated, Said to Have Tried Suicide.

Tula, Russia, Nov. 12.—Count Tolstoi has deserted his wife, leaving a letter, in which he begs her not to try to find him.

The mysterious disappearance of the Russian novelist and social reformer has made a painful impression. That he should desire to spend the evening of his days in solitude surprises no one acquainted with his vicissitudinous career, but tat he should deliberately desert the wife who has borne him nine children is difficult of belief, even in the light of the well-known eccentricities of character.

The suggestion of a failing mentality is accepted by many in explanation of Count Tolstoi's sudden leave-taking, which may have a tragic sequel, as the countess is prostrated. It has been reported even that she had attempted her life.

The family was without a clue today.

Leaves Letter for Wife.

In a letter left for his wife the count said:

"I cannot continue longer to live surrounded by luxury, and like many other old men, I retire from the world to complete my life in solitude.

"I ask that you do not seek my place of sojourn, and that you do not come to it if it is discovered. I beg forgiveness for the grief that I may cause you."

The novelist's reference to living amid luxurious surroundings is significant of his state of mind, as he has long lived the life of a peasant. While his family are occupying a substantial mansion on the Yasnaya Poliana estate, Tolstoi abode in a peasant's hut, partaking only of the simple, peasant's food and wearing wide trousers, tucked into high cowhide boots a leather belt and fur cap.

GIN FOR THE KIDNEYS

Gin is one of the oldest known remedies for kidney and bladder troubles, especially when used in the following formula: "Six ounces good pure gin; half ounce fluid extract Buchu; half ounce Murax compound. Any druggist can supply or mix these ingredients. Shake well each time and take in doses of one to two teaspoonfuls after meals."

This is the most effective remedy known for the quick relief of kidney and bladder disorders. Such symptoms as backache, frequent or highly colored urine, rheumatic pains in the groin ought to have prompt attention to prevent Bright's disease or diabetes.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. STRON FIELD & CO. 185 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

WISE WOMEN and discreet men use our remedies, toilet necessities, appliances, etc. "Hints and Helps" and 100 page book 2c. Address, Webster Specialty Co., Y 40 C-1 Chicago, Ill.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madame Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

NECESSITIES FOR WOMEN Send 2c stamp for illustrated catalog of rubber goods, toilet necessities, drugs, druggists' sundries, etc. Desk 2, Adv. M. O. House, 56 Fifth ave., Chicago.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept 38 Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. THE EXCHANGE, box 829 R. O., Kansas City, Mo.

WOMAN—"Listen," the secret toilet formula you want; safe, harmless; sent sealed 20c silver. Desk H, Lock Box 1, Greenfield, Ind.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO SPECIFIC cures all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent cure. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes cures all ordinary cases. We guarantee a cure in any case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanitarium, Dept. 18, St. Joseph, Mo.

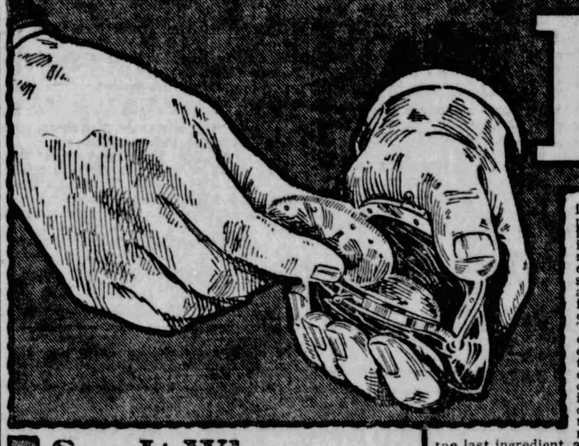
CRAMPS Rheumatism and Neuralgia cured by Nature's Remedy. Free booklet. Address J. W. Lipscomb, M. D., 8203 T, W. Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, also a dependable, "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

URUGUAY REVOLUTION OVER

Montevideo, Uruguay, Nov. 14.—The rebellion came to an end today with the unconditional surrender of the rebels who gave up their arms and trust to the magnanimity of the government in the matter of their punishment.

Here Is Your Dollar



Say It When You Are Sure

Write for it today, using the coupon on this page, but don't send a penny in your letter. Don't even enclose a stamp. Just ask for it—that's all. *We pay all the postage, we stand all the expense, we take all the risk.* We want you to get it, to use it, to see what it does for you, to learn what it is, to learn how it acts, how it cures. When you learn all this, when you are satisfied, then you can say *"Here Is Your Dollar"* and we will be pleased to get it. If you are not willing, glad and happy to say it, we don't want a penny from you. We won't ask for pay or dun you—we leave it all to you. This is how we are offering Bodi-Tone to every reader of this paper who is sick, ailing or in poor health. *This is how one hundred thousand people have already tried Bodi-Tone,* the new medicine for the sick, which has cured thousands of sufferers during the past year, including many of the readers of this paper. Many of your neighbors are using it and we want you to use it. We want *you* to try a *full-sized one dollar box* of Bodi-Tone at our risk and expense, so that *you*, too, will get to know the great curative and restorative forces in this extraordinary medicinal combination, which is rapidly proving its superiority over the common and ordinary proprietary medicines that have so badly disappointed the sick, and is curing sick men and women by the thousands.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—*cures disease by toning all the body*, and we want you to try it and see what it will do for *your* body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals, as you may prefer. Each $1.00 box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. The composition of Bodi-Tone is not secret. Every one of the many valuable ingredients used to make this splendid remedy are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well defined, well known and thoroughly established place in the materia medica and is prescribed by physicians every day of the year. Each ingredient is named and fully described in the Bodi-Tone Book, which tells all about Bodi-Tone and is sent free to every Bodi-Tone user. You know just what you are using and know it is good and safe. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron, to give life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla, to purify it, Phosphate to nourish the Nerves, Lithia for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. All these ingredients pull together to *restore health in the body*, each serves to build upon the others work, each one helps.

Highest Medical Authority

We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world and all of which are recommended by the best modern medical writers and teachers. Many are prescribed regularly by the medical profession for diseases in which we recommend Bodi-Tone, most of them have been successfully used separately or in combination with other drugs for the treatment of innumerable diseases, but *the exact combination found in Bodi-Tone* is peculiar to Bodi-Tone alone and gives Bodi-Tone a curative and restorative power peculiar to itself, that has brought health to thousands during the past year's time. We simply claim credit for the formula which we have invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. That is why we want to send a box on trial to you immediately, as soon as you write for it, for we know you will find it different and superior. Though Bodi-Tone is a scientific medicinal combination, most of the ingredients used in it are familiar to the common people, and are remedies which they as well as the doctors *know to be good*, remedies in which they can place the fullest confidence and which they know they can safely use. Bodi-Tone is right all through, from the first to the last ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy that all the family, young and old, can use. It contains no narcotic or habit-forming drugs, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with the remedies that nature intended to tone and cure the body or that power would not have been given to them.

Bodi-Tone

offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. This is what Bodi-Tone is for—*to help nature restore tone to the body*, to restore normal health, energy, vigor, vitality and strength. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well understood, definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments. Bodi-Tone is especially urged for all chronic sufferers who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations he has used have failed, then give *this scientific, modern combination* of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do for you.

Don't Put It Off

Why delay another day, when a trial of this new and proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, day after day, when all you need do is clip out the coupon and mail it to us, to get a twenty-five days treatment of this great remedy, that has already put thousands on the road to health, that has made thousands glad and happy to say *"Here Is Your Dollar,"* to pay for the health Bod

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

"WHAT'S the use of cleaning up if I have to live in such a hole. I'm just all discouraged," the woman said.

She looked the part. Discouragement lined her face and bent her shoulders. Its story was repeated by her slovenly dress; by her dull, unkempt hair, wound in an untidy knot, that threatened to fall to pieces at any moment. Her whole appearance told that she did not care how she looked. When a woman does not care how she looks, there is something very wrong with her, and there is something very wrong with a man when he does not care how he looks. Untidy people of either sex, are blots on the landscape.

The woman who lived in what she called "a hole," was expecting sympathy and she tried to earn it by placing the blame for things that should not be, on anyone or anything save herself. It was herself who was most to blame. Her home was a "hole," because she let it be one. Because she could not have what she thought she wanted, she would not do the best she could with what she had. She let dust, dirt and disorder corrupt her surroundings and demoralize her husband and three, pretty children. Her children ran wild, unwashed and uncontrolled. Her husband drank more than was good for him, doubtless, seeking to forget in a false and temporary exhilaration, or stupidity, his frowsy, fault-finding, inefficient wife, and unsavory home.

The house she called a "hole,' was a frame cottage of the type commonly built for those who are day laborers. It might have been comfortable, and it might have had the attraction of cleanliness, if the woman in charge had been true to her responsibilities in the matters of soap and water and general housework. The man earned enough to keep his family decently, if the woman had done her share of the work and had made home pleasant for him to come to; pleasant for them all to live in. Instead, she turned it into a "hole," which she declared there was no use of cleaning, and blamed her husband because she had to live in a hole, created by her own neglect of duty.

By the way, most of the "holes" we get into are of our own making, and, like the woman in this case, most of us turn coward and lay the blame on the other fellow when the hole has engulfed us.

The neighbors of this woman, thrifty and hard-working people, had little sympathy for her, because of her shiftless ways.

"He'd be all right if she was," they said, regarding her husband.

Cases such as this have altogether too many duplicates. Many a time the husband and children would be all right, if the wife and mother kept her trust. Grown up ignorance is the most difficult ignorance there is to contend with, and, to a great extent, it is ignorance which causes a woman to sit idle and discouraged, amid dirt and disorder, because she is thinking, "what's the use of cleaning up if I have to live in such a hole."

There is always use in cleaning up, no matter how poor a place we have to clean. It is a sure way of making the place better, in more ways than one, and then, you know, by keeping yourself busy, by doing the best you can with what you have to do with you have less time to sit around, feeling discouraged.

The woman who is a housekeeper and is a good one, is a woman of importance. The difficulty is to make her fully understand her importance. Her eyes become dazzled by the fireworks of some woman who is making a little blaze in the world, and she sighs in self-depreciation, "I am nothing but a housekeeper!"

To be a housekeeper and homemaker, requires brains, health, strength, courage, untiring patience and unfaltering love. These are the requirements necessary to be "nothing but a housekeeper," but to possess these, is to possess properties worth while.

No matter how humble it may be, respect your home too much to call it a hole, or to let it be one. Four square walls, whether they are plain or ornamental; low or lofty; do not matter in themselves, it is the life that is lived within their shelter which counts, and sends out men and women into the world, who will make it either worse or better by their presence.

This is the case of a woman of higher degree than the one who called her house a "hole" and made it one. This woman's home was as fine as any in the street of fine dwellings where it was built. It spoke of much money, but its exterior said, "no one at home." The house looked as if it had gone blind, with its barred doors and drawn shades at the windows.

Those who knew the place, usually turned to gaze at it when they passed. If it chanced there was one in their company who did not know its story, it was always told, and as it was a story of grief, the mansion came to be known as "the House of Grief."

A woman lived there alone. Once she lived there with her daughter. There were just these two in the family and the house was a place of happiness and pleasant occasions. It was a hospitable home; a home where there were warm welcomes for the frequent visitors who came to its doors. The death of the daughter changed all this. Hospitality and welcomings were blotted out by mourning. The mother, in her trappings of woe, turned her face from the world, refused to see her friends, and huddled alone in a remote corner of her home, leaving the rest to silence and emptiness. She seldom went out and seldom received anyone. Like the house, her life had gone blind. She would think of nothing save her own bereavement. While it was a bereavement surely deserving of sympathy, this woman made the mistake of forgetting there was anyone else on earth save herself; a forgetfulness which is, by no means, an uncommon failing, but her's was an exaggerated case. She kept on forgetting, until her home, in spite of its handsome exterior, was nothing more than a "hole." It was of no use, except as an ornament to the street, and, even in this vocation, it was not entirely successful; it looked so desolate and forsaken.

Indulgence in grief may be as selfish as indulgence in pleasure. Its chief difference lies in its affect upon others. It is not in human nature to be patient very long at sight of grief. We cannot love unhappiness, either in ourselves, or in those with whom we come in contact.

It is never good sense to turn our faces from the world too long. The longer we stay turned away, the harder it is to turn back. Always there is some one we need; always there is some one who needs us, if we will go out to find them. There is no cause that gives us the right to go into a hole and pull the hole in after us, with the intention of staying there forever. The only way to reach forgetfulness, to find surcease from sorrow, if forgetfulness and surcease are what we are seeking, is to go into the world, openhearted, and with hands ever ready to clasp other hands in helpfulness and kindness.

None may play Robinson Crusoe without getting the worst of it.

The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You $2.

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for $2.50.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a pint bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pine is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiacol and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main st., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

OLD DAYS AND NEW

For a while the Household Page has been a return to days gone by, and I have a few words to say. Everything in our young days had a rosy hue. When we are young, we look forward on sun-tipped air castles. When we get old, we look back on their crumbled ruins.

How well I remember the hum of the spinning wheel, accompanied by the song of the tea kettle, hanging on a crane over the hickory fire. I remember the click of my mother's knitting needles, blending with father's voice, reading from the Good Book. How few of these old-fashioned people are left. Mother had the same fashion all the year round. Her hair was always done up the same way. Her skirt was never long enough to gather dust and microbes, neither was it unbecomingly short. Her grammar may have been faulty, but she gave no uncertain sound at the prayer meeting or in the sick room. She had not much time for house flowers, but she had an abundance of old-fashioned flowers, such as marigold, larkspur, pretty-by-nights, and hollyhocks, which still raise their stately heads in a corner of the yard. Yes, and there was a bed of pinks. Don't you smell them now? She always had her own garden seeds, enough for herself, and some to spare for the neighbors. She knew them by the bit of rag they were tied up in, or by their shape; they were none of them marked.

At night, when you crept to your bed in the attic, do you remember the scent of the different tea herbs, hung to the rafters and handy in case of sickness? There were catnip, sage, balm, rue, pennyroyal, and dozens of others.

Then the log rollings and quiltings. No wonder the poet wrote "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, make me a boy again, just for tonight."

There were gloomy things then as well as now, but the dark pictures on memory's wall have well nigh faded out, while the bright ones are as bright as ever. We sigh for the old, but we have passed too many milestones to go back, besides, our environment has changed. We could not adjust ourselves to these rigid times. Another thing, the old house is replaced by a more stately mansion, or the elements have razed it to the ground. This present time is the best time in the history of the world, if we can adapt ourselves to it.—Gottlieb Mohr. West Virginia.

SMOKED APPLES

Dear Sisters of the Cozy Corner—As I never have seen a letter in the Cozy Corner from Old Kentucky, I thought I would slip in for a few minutes, if you will admit a Corn Cracker. I have been a reader of The Blade for several years and I like it very much. The letters in the Cozy Corner are so good! To read them puts new life in anyone, and the recipes are all good.

I will send a recipe for smoking apples with sulphur. It may be of interest to some of the readers. Fix the apples as you do to dry them. Get a barrel and put in it an old skillet filled with coals of fire. Put the apples in a clean basket and hang it in the barrel above the skillet of coals. To every basket of fruit sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of sulphur on the fire. Cover with a quilt, tie it closely and let the apples smoke for two hours. Put them in a stone jar. They will sink down, but more apples may be added. Tie a cloth over the jar to shut out the vinegar gnats. Yours with best wishes.—V. E. Frey, Kentucky.

EVERYDAY CHRISTIANS

I am a happy woman and will tell you why. To begin with I have so many "thinks" to make me happy and to be thankful for. I am thankful that the dear Lord has spared my life and has been so good to me. I know He has answered my prayers, and He can do the same for all who really trust in His dear name. I am happy, too, because my husband is so kind to me and we enjoy our little home so much. We have been married almost two years and never has he spoken a cross word to me, and I always try to make home pleasant for him. I think, sometimes, that both husband and wife are to blame when they disagree and go hunting for a divorce.

I want to write a bit about Sunday school work. We have two nice churches in this little town, both of which are pretty well attended by Sunday school children. I really think Sunday school is worth much more to the young folks than preaching, and above all, I think the teachers should be every day Christians and not Sunday Christians. None can teach the great theme of the Bible successfully when he ignores the claim of Christ upon his own life. He need not expect his pupils to have any faith in him, or in Sunday, if he is not a good Christian all the week. Teachers must let their light shine out so brightly that every sinner may see how to walk. It is not only Sunday school teachers who should do this, but every true Christian. We do not have the least idea who is trying to do as we do. And if we should do wrong, then whoever is trying to follow us loses faith in us and comes to the conclusion that Christianity is just a "fake," so I think every Christian should be a Christian every day and not just a Sunday one.

Children differ so widely in their make-up that the method will not apply in teaching all children, hence the teacher should study his pupils and adapt his teaching to each child, according to its individual characteristics. We should know how to bring the pupil and lesson together in such a way as to mold the lesson into his life. I think the teacher should teach the children how to pray and what to pray for. If ever we are blessed with children I want to teach them to pray before they really know how to talk about anything else.

I must not write too much this time, for I wish to write often and do not want to make anyone tired, but I never get tired of talking of the good works we should do.—Mrs. F. Hoagland, Indiana.

It is good to talk about good works, but it is better to DO, than it is to talk. —Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

While you are planning for Christmas, remember that cheerfulness is part of the Christmas business.

If you are a trouble talker; a calamity prophet, you are neither inspiring nor pleasant company.

Always give everyone a chance to try again. It is not fair to brand anyone as a hopeless case, because of past failures. Everyone has a right to try again.

More or less, we are all acting a part in the play of life. Choose a part which brings you the credit marks.

You can always find some good in everyone, if you try to bring it out.

A kind word is better than a blow, any day in the week, and so is a smile better than a frown.

Whoever we are and whatever we may be doing, we are "just folks," and that's all there is to it.

Fault-finding is a very easily acquired habit. The same may be said of most habits which are not good.

You can do almost anything you want with yourself, if you keep at it long enough, but you have to keep everlastingly at it.

Try to be a part of the world's gladness, instead of being a part of its sadness.

Your habit of thought writes itself on your face. There is always some one who can read the writing.

Because we cannot have our own way, because our pride is injured, are two becauses which make us go rampaging around.

Make friends with the world. Do not treat it as an enemy.

We are very apt to call people "queer," who do not think and act as we do. Queerness is neither a sin nor a disgrace.

Trying to bind others with the fetters of your will is bad business. It is better to go in span than tandem.

Being good to others is being good to yourself.

Well, here's wishing happy days to all of you.

THE HOLIDAY TURKEY

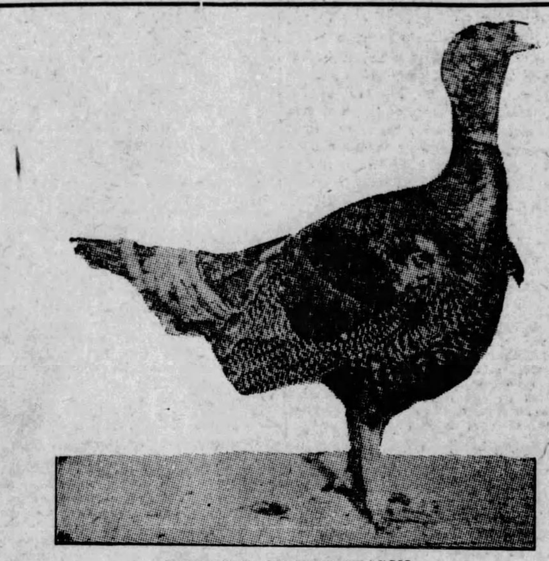
THE beautiful bird called the turkey and the holidays are invariable connected together. If it is possible, it is then that most people have a turkey to help them rejoice and be glad, not in his natural state, of course, but cooked and served as the most important dish of the most important holiday meal.

Directions for preparing and cooking the holiday turkey have been sent to The Blade by Mrs. Irene C. Musgrove, of Urbana, Ohio, and there are doubtless many of our readers who will be glad to say "Much obliged" to her for her kindness. The directions follow:

In preparing a turkey for the oven, scald, that is, allow it to lie in hot water long enough to loosen the large feathers, but not long enough to loosen the skin. After picking the feathers and pin feathers, singe the bird and wash it in lukewarm water to remove all that should be removed. Make an incision or cut, crosswise, just below the breast bone. Take out the entrails, heart, gizard and liver. Wash inside where the craw was and see that it is thoroughly cleaned. Do not allow the turkey to lie in water, as the flesh becomes tasteless when water-soaked. Season thoroughly with salt and pepper, inside and out, then stuff and sew up the opening with a darning needle, threaded with white wrapping twine. If there is more stuffing than will go inside the bird, put it in bowls and place them in the roaster.

I prepare my dressing or stuffing in this way: break up a loaf of baker's bread, season with salt, pepper, a little sugar, and a beaten egg. After pouring hot water over the bread, cover the bowl or crock in which the dressing is being mixed, and let it steam for a few minutes. Then break the pieces of bread with a spoon, but do not make them "mushy." To this add the beaten egg and sugar.

When the turkey is put into the oven leave off the lid of the roaster for a while, in order to allow the turkey to brown on both sides. Baste it frequently. The secret of a juicy roast is in the basting. Some cooks make a coating of flour and water, roll it thin and cover the turkey. The basting is done over the covering, and the covering is removed when the turkey is roasted. It will be a beautiful brown, even if the coating is too brown.



THE BIRD OF THE SEASON.

In making the gravy, some mix butter and flour together instead of flour and cold water. Roast the giblets in the pan wth the turkey, chop them and put them in the gravy.

An eight, nine or ten-pound turkey is preferable to a fifteen or sixteen "pounder." For myself, I should prefer two of the smaller sized ones. However, if it chances you do not have the selecting of the turkey yourself, but you must do the roasting, and you have a large, tough turkey to cook, parboil it by all means. This may be done the day before it is to be roasted. Use your roaster or a boiler with a fitted lid. Half cover with cold water and let the turkey boil until it is nearly tender, then turn it over and boil it on the other side in the same way. Put a little salt in the water after it has boiled awhile. Save the water in which the turkey has been boiled to use for basting the turkey when it is being roasted.

I attended a dinner party once where they had two turkeys. The one on the table was for ornament, as it was not carved. The other was served, steaming hot, right from the oven, and carved on a side plate. This way of serving relieves the host from carving and keeps the table looking much neater.

With the high price of turkeys during the past few years, one was pleased to see even one at a time. They say this has been a fine year for raising turkeys, so they may, perhaps, be more plentiful.

Be sure to save this until turkey roasting time, you who are interested. It will not be published again.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R's.—This is Friday evening, November 5, and we have just received our paper. I always read The Blade first of any of our papers, and I like it best, especially the Household page. There are so many inspiring things to read in the letters from all over the United States.

We have had our first snow of the season today, but I think it will all be gone tomorrow. I suppose before long sleighriding and skating will be here really and truly. I love skating best of any sport, and our state, Old Iowa, has plenty of North Pole weather.

I attend high school and enjoy my school work very much. Osceola has a very good high school. I am a sophomore, but hope to be a senior one day. I guess that is the average sophomore's ideal.

I am 16 years of age, and I enjoy music very much. Most of my spare time is spent in practicing. I have a piano and an organ. One of the teachers in music here has started an old-fashioned singing school, which meets every Saturday evening. We certainly enjoy it.

I suppose all of you had a fine time Halloween. I will tell you of my experiences at a Halloween party. We were met at the door by ghostly figures and ushered into dimly lighted rooms, where black cats, pumpkin faces and ghosts were strangely mingled. We were surely a ghostly crowd. Of course no one knew who was who, and it was great fun guessing identities.

Another part of the fun was in going to the party. When the boys came for the girls they each got the wrong one, as we had temporarily changed homes. At last we unmasked and all were glad to get back to their natural costumes.

Bert from Missouri, I think a nice name for your country place would be "Wewoka Place."

Olive Branch and Florida Old Man, please write again. I enjoy your letters so much, especially those of travel. Every one of the letters is good, and I would enjoy knowing every person who belongs to the M. G. R's.—From A Schoolgirl, Iowa.

Thank you, my dear, for the pleasant words you wrote to me.—Elizabeth.

Dear Friends and All—I feel as if we are all good friends, so will you please sit over and let a West Virginian have a seat for a few minutes.

Bert from Missouri, here is a name for your new farm home. Just name it Ruskin, as you think so much of his writings. I am like you, I think Sesame and Lillies is very fine.

Up to this time I have been a silent reader of the column, but I could not keep still any longer, even if I do not say much. Corn husking is in season here now, and it is a pleasant sight to see the nice yellow corn.

Hoosier Strawberry, we thank you very much for the picture of the grove on the tower.

We had our first snow October 28, but it did not last long. Well, I think I have stayed too long. I will just step aside to let someone else who can say more have a seat. I will sign my name —Lulu of West Virginia.

I thank you and wish good luck back to you.—Elizabeth.

My Dear M. G. R.'s—I am a reader of The Blade and have been enjoying the letters very much. As I have not seen many letters from our western girls, I decided to write and join your circle. I am sixteen years old, rather tall and slender, and I have brown eyes and hair and a dark complexion. I live in good, old Wyoming, among the beautiful Rocky mountains, thirty miles east of the Continental Divide. I was born in the little town of Lander and have lived here ever since. The town is only one hundred miles southeast of the Yellowstone park. How I wish some of my eastern friends could be here to ride with "us girls" on some of our pretty little Indian ponies. Perhaps you are calling me cowgirl, or tomboy because I ride astride. It may be that we all are that, but we have fun, anyway.

Our home is on the banks of the Big Popoagie river. Sometimes we go fishing and catch mountain trout. We live about four miles from the Shoshone Indian reservation and see Indians everyday. Sometimes they camp near us, then we go to see the little papooses. The Arapahoe reservation is about ten miles from here.

As this is my first letter to The Blade, I think I shall stop writing, so I shall not tire any of my readers. Good-by, and best wishes to you all. —Mildred Horneker, or a Western Girl, Wyoming.

Dear Readers—How many of you have ever lived near the ocean, or an arm of the sea, like Puget Sound? I have lived here for 14 years, between the Olympic mountains and the St. Juan de Fuca. It is a beautiful country, with hills clad in the everlasting green of fir and cedar trees. We have fir trees here that are from three to ten feet across the stumps and some of the cedars are even larger.

Our chief industry is the turning of the cedar trees into shingles that are shipped all over the world. Just across the Sound from here, two years ago, was located the largest shingle mill in the world, but it has been burned down and is a thing of the past.

I saw in the M. G. R. corner a request for subjects for discussion. Why not try Woman's Sphere, What Is It? and get some expressions of opinion.

Well, my letter is getting too long, so I will close, wishing you all the good things that are good for you in the way of joy and happiness.—Treulox, Washington.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

A few of you shy ones are omitting the courtesy of signing your real names to your letters. Once more I tell you, it's the waste basket for you who write anonymously. What's the use?

In a recent letter was enclosed a newspaper clipping, giving an account of the marriage of one of our members. For several years, letters have appeared in the M. G. R. department, over the signature, Buckeye School Ma'am, and it is Buckeye School Ma'am who has gone out and got married. I take the liberty of speaking for the circle, in extending congratulations and good wishes, to the lady and gentleman who had the leading parts in this marriage ceremony. Both are invited to the M. G. R. parties at any time they feel inclined.—Elizabeth.

OUR FAIRY TALE

THERE was a fairy citizen of Fairytown who started his day one morning by getting out of the bed upon the wrong side.

"I will do it this way," he said, "just to show folks that there is nothing in that nonsense. Both sides of a bed are good sides to get out on and if it is low enough I don't see what is the matter with the footboard."

So he rose and dressed and went down to breakfast.

"You'll have to eat burned bacon this morning," his wife told him. "I don't know what to make of that stove. It won't work right at all."

"All right," said the fairy, "I can stand burned bacon if you can."

After breakfast he walked downtown to his work. As he was crossing a street a man on horseback came riding up toward him at a gallop.

"Hold on a moment," he shouted. And he halted his horse so suddenly that the animal slid in the mud and threw it all over the fairy on the crossing.

"Oh, excuse me," said the rider, "I didn't mean to do that. I wanted to see you about something important, but changing your clothes is a good deal more important. So I won't delay you a second."

And he rode away.

The fairy turned back home. As he crossed the big bridge which is over the brook that runs through Fairytown he leaned over the rail to see if any boats were passing. A person always does that, you know. Well, as he glanced over, his watch slipped out of his pocket and fell "plunk" right in the water and disappeared from sight.

The fairy moved on toward home.

As he opened the gate his dog ran out and seeing some one he didn't recognize all covered over with mud and going up to the door as if he had a perfect right there he promptly grabbed him by the leg. In time he was convinced he had made a mistake, but not before his master was in a condition where the doctor had to be called in.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor as he hurried in, threw his hat in one chair, his coat in another and his instrument case upon a third. "What's the matter?"

"I guess, Doctor," said the fairy, "I got out of the bed on the wrong side this morning."

"Well, well!" cried the doctor, "what did you do that for?"

"Oh, just to be contrary."

The doctor picked up his instrument case, his coat and his hat.

"Just to be contrary, I guess I won't treat you," he said.

"Oh come back, Doctor," cried the fairy. "I promise never to do it again."

"On those terms I'll see what I can do for you. But you mustn't ever do such a dangerous thing ever any more."

The fairy never did.

Christmas Post Cards Free

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cents stamps we will mail a set of five most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Very finest Floral, Birthday and Christmas cards, all different, in exquisite colors, beautifully embossed in gold. With each order we include full particulars of our big surprise of 50 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

The Thanksgiving Dinner

WITH Thanksgiving, the first of the winter holidays, aside from the religious observances attending it, is associated the big dinner with which we celebrate. This is the high water mark of the day, and takes the place of the gifts which make of Christmas a joyous occasion.

There may be dinners and dinners, which means they may be plain or elaborate, but the most important thing is to have good cheer a guest at your board, and to come together in peace and amity. An attractive table is always a good thing to have in the family, and on festival occasions it is appropriate to put on a few extra trimmings, just to brighten up things a bit, and occasion the remark, dear to the heart of every housekeeper, "Doesn't the table look lovely?" This puts everyone in a good humor and starts the conversational ball a-rolling.

The decorations should savor of the season, and may be spoils from the fields and forest. Autumn leaves, wild vines and berries, pumpkins, winter squashes, ears of corn in the husk and small bundles of oats tied in exact imitation of the larger ones put up for practical purposes, may all be used with good effect. Strings of tiny red peppers and little gourds have their decorative use, also. If flowers are used, chrysanthemums are the most suitable. These may be arranged, according to the individual taste of the arranger. The chief object is to have the table look pretty.

Turkeys and oysters are usually the dishes of honor, but if preferred or more convenient, one may omit the oysters and have a fowl of any breed which happens to be obtainable. What you have for Thanksgiving dinner is a matter of personal choice, or what you can get.

A plain and substantial dinner, one that is not likely to give you the "sorry I ate it" feeling after it is over, is this: Roast turkey, baked sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, cabbage salad, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, coffee, fruit and nuts. If, by way of a change, you would like a ham boiled in cider for the dish of honor, here is the way to cook it: Wash the ham in cold water; to do this thoroughly, use a small scrubbing brush. Then cover it with cold water and soak for 24 hours. Drain it, dry with a cloth and put it into a porcelain lined kettle, cover with cider and boil gently 15 minutes to every pound. When done let the ham cool in the liquor in which it was boiled. Then remove the skin, dust it lightly with flour, sprinkle with sugar, brown in the oven and spice. Serve garnished with parsley.

A fruit salad is nice to have, and this is a good one: Peel and chop two apples. Dice enough pineapple to measure one teacupful and

FRUIT SALAD IN ORANGE SHELLS.

chop one teacupful of orange pulp, mix the fruit with one teacupful of blanched almonds and stand on ice. Beat the yolks of four eggs, add one teacupful of diluted vinegar and cook in the double boiler until it thickens. Season with one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a teaspoonful of white pepper. When cool add one teacupful of whipped cream and pour over the fruit. This looks pretty served in orange shells and garnished with whipped cream, candied orange peel or candied cherries.

When you sit down to your Thanksgiving dinner, entertain peace and good will toward everyone—yourself included. This is from me to you—Elizabeth.

Fat Folks

Double Chins Quickly Removed

If the advice of Mae Edna Wilder is followed there will be no more fat folks in a short time. She took off 30 pounds of superfluous flesh in less than six weeks, and removed her double chin in two weeks, by a treatment of her own discovery, and she generously offers to tell anyone about it who is sufficiently interested to write her. By her method there is nothing to take internally, no face straps or body bandages to be worn, no exercise or dieting, just a simple, harmless home treatment that you can use in your own room without the knowledge of your most intimate friends, and as if by magic your fat rapidly disappears without inconvenience to you of any kind. She has written a book intensely interesting to fleshy people, and she will give away ten thousand copies absolutely free. The book tells all about her wonderful treatment and she sends with it sworn affidavits to back up her claims. It costs you nothing to find out about this treatment, and if you have a large bust, large hips, large abdomen, a double chin or superfluous flesh on any part of the body, and wish to get rid of it quickly, write her at once for a copy of the free book before the present edition is exhausted, and you will be agreeably surprised and pleased with what she sends you. Her address is Mae Edna Wilder, Suite 408-F, Rochester, N. Y.

POETS' CORNER

FULL FORTY YEARS AGO

(Author Unknown).

The wilderness was our abode,
Full forty years ago,
And when good meat we wished to eat,
We caught the buck or doe;
For fish we used the hook and line,
And pounded corn to make it fine,
On johnnycake our ladies dined,
In this new country.

From deer skins we made moccasins,
To wear upon our feet,
The checkered shirt was thought no hurt,
Good company to meet;
And if a visit we wished to pay,
On a winter's night or a winter's day,
The oxen drew our ladies' sleigh,
In this new country.

Our path was through the winding vale,
Where oft the savage trod,
It was not wide nor scarce a guide,
But all the one we had;
Our houses were of logs of wood
Rolled up in squares and calked with mud.
If the bark was tight, the roof was good,
For a new country.

The Indians oft times made us fear
Some danger it was nigh,
The shaggy bear was oft times where
The pig was in the sty;
The rattlesnake our children dread;
Oft times the fearful mother said,
"Some beast of prey will take my babe,"
In this new country.

Our oxen fed beneath the shade,
And browsed each chosen bough;
With axes good we cut the wood,
For well we all knew how;
We cleared the land for rye and wheat,
For strangers and ourselves to eat,
From the maple tree we drew our sweets,
In this new country.

The little thorns our apples were;
When mandrakes were all gone
The little grapes we used to take,
When frosty nights came on,
For wintergreens the girls did stray,
The boys for butternuts climbed the tree,
On evansroot our ladies tea,
In this new country.

We lived in social harmony,
And drank the purling stream,
A doctor, priest, or lawyer, there,
Was seldom to be seen;
Our health it needed no repair,
No pious one forgot his prayer,
And who could fee a lawyer there?
'Twas a new country.

A DIFFICULT RIDDLE

Author Unknown.

This life is a difficult riddle,
And how many there are that we see,
With faces as long as a fiddle,
Which ought to look shining with glee.
I am sure in this world there are plenty
Of good things, enough for us all,
Yet there is not one out of twenty,
But thinks his share is too small.

CHORUS.

Then what is the use of repining,
For where there's a will there's a way,
Tomorrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy today.

Did you ever hear tell of the spider,
Which tried up the wall hard to climb?
If not, why take that as a guider,
You'll find it will serve you in time.
Nine times it tried hard without mounting,
And every time had to fall,
It tried hard again without counting,
And of course reached the top of the wall.

Some grumble because they're not married,
And cannot procure a good wife,
While others they wish they had tarried,
And long for a bachelor's life.
To me it is very bewildering,
Some grumble, it must be in fun,
Because they have too many children,
And other because they have none.

Do you think that by sitting and sighing,
You can ever obtain all you want?
It's cowards alone that are crying,
And foolishly saying, "I can't."
It is only by plodding and striving,
And climbing up the steep hill,
That you will ever be thriving,
Which you'll be if you've only the will.

THE OLD HORSE

Author Unknown.

No, children, he shall not be sold;
Go lead him home and dry your tears.
'Tis true he's blind, and lame, and old,
But he has served us twenty years.

Well has he served us; gentle, strong,
And willing through life's varied stage,
And having toiled for us so long,
We will protect him in his age.

Our debt of gratitude to pay,
His faithful merits to requite,
His play-ground be the heath by day,
A shed shall shelter him at night.

In comfort he shall end his days;
And when I must to market go,
I'll cut across the shortest ways,
And set out earlier home, you know.

A life of labor was his lot;
He always tried to do his best;
Poor fellow, now we'll grudge thee not
A little liberty and rest.

Go, then, old friend; thy future fate,
To range the heath, from harness free,
And just below the cottage gate,
I'll go and build a shed for thee.

And there we'll feed and tend thee well,
And with these comforts we'll engage
No other horse shall ever tell,
Of a more happy, green old age.

THE SEA! THE SEA!

Author Unknown.

The sea! the sea!
For the light of thy waves we bless thee;
For the foam on thine ancient brow,
For the winds, whose bold wings caress thee,
Old ocean! we bless thee now!

Oh, welcome thy long-lost minstrelsy;
Thy thousand voices; the wild, the free,
The fresh, cool breeze o'er thy sparkling breast,
The sunlit foam on each billow's crest,
Thy joyous rush up the sounding shore,
Thy song of Freedom for evermore,
And thy glad waves shouting, "Rejoice!
Rejoice!"
Old ocean! welcome thy glorious voice!

The sea! the sea!
We bless thee, we bless thee, Ocean!
Bright goal of our weary track,
With the exile's rapt devotion,
To the home of his love come back.

When gloom lay deep on our fainting hearts;
When the air was dark with the Persian darts;
When the desert rung with the ceaseless war,
And the wish'd-for fountain and palm afar,
In Memory's dreaming—in Fancy's ear,
The chime of thy joyous waves was heard;
And the last fond prayer of each true-bled night
Was for thee and thine islands of love and light.

The sea! the sea!
Sing on thy majestic paean;
Leap up in the Delian's smiles;
We will dream of the blue Aegean—
Of the breath of Ionia's isles;
Of the hunter's shout through the Thracian woods;
Of the shepherd's song by the Doric floods;
Of the Naiad spring by Attic fount;
Of the Satyr's dance by the Cretan mount.
Of the sun-bright gardens—the bending vines,
Our virgins' songs by the flower-hung shrines;
Of the dread Olympian's majestic dome;
Our fathers' grave and our own free homes.

The sea! the sea!
We bless thee, we bless thee, Ocean!
Bright goal of our stormy track,
With the exile's rapt devotion,
To the home of his love come back.

POEMS REQUESTED

A poem called The Honeysuckle Glen is wanted. It's first line is: the Honeysuckle glen secluded far

The following are the lines which close each verse of a poem that very much wanted:

Make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

The words are wanted of the song Happy Days. It is much used as phonograph selection.

The poems written upon the parting and meeting of students under the old oak in the campus at Harvard College are asked for.

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Aikey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

FREE BOTTLE
RHEUMATISM
Backache and Piles

...you to write me today for a free bottle of Z. M. O. and take advantage of this great offer to get free relief from Rheumatism or Piles.

...ince yourself at my expense of the merit of this famous external ... No matter how many other so-called remedies have failed to cure—try Z. M. O. It doesn't cost you a cent to try it—and there is no ex-pense whatever. Send no money—just your name and address. Don't be persuaded into accepting any substitute. Don't be persuaded to buy any other remedy. Don't be persuaded to be satisfied with anything but relief. Don't be persuaded to be without Z. M. O. in your home. Don't be persuaded to be without relief from Rheumatism, Backache or Piles

1 PENNY SAVES $10

YOU save $10.00 by mailing a postcard for our new book of Men's Fall fashions and fabrics—buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit—we've no agents—we'll make your suit or overcoat to measure as you want it.

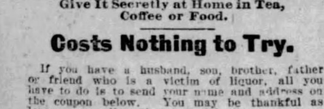
CASH or CREDIT

We sell direct—make garments to measure of guaranteed materials that are made in our own mills—direct from mill to you—you save three profits and get careful hand tailoring. You don't pay us a single cent until after you've tried on garments in your own home, then you pay cash or in the Knickerbocker Easy Way—most liberal credit or send them back at our expense—you need this new book—it's educational—it teaches real clothes value. We've been fine tailors 45 years—every stitch guaranteed—you save by buying direct from us—*write for the book today*

KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO.
192 So. Halsted St., Chicago

PAY NOTHING Until SATISFIED

25 Christmas Post Cards 10c
SOME ARE EMBOSSED AND GOLD



The most beautiful Post Cards for the money ever sold. Some are gold embossed, all are printed in many colors, consisting of brightly colored Holly & Mistletoe, Christmas Bells, etc., and our FREE Post Card Album plan, postpaid only 10c.
D. HERMAN & CO. 2430 North Halsted St., Dept. 326, CHICAGO

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife

I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town;
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING
And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
"Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly,
And I'll send and get the same.
So I sent for GOLDEN REMEDY,
(As sly as sly could be)
And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no odor, so, you see—
It was smoothest kind of sailing
For little Doctor Me.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
(And cried some, too, I guess),
And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough!
And hates and loathes a liquor
As he would a poison stuff.
And when I say my prayers at night
As thankful as can be—
I pray for John the most of all—
Then GOLDEN REMEDY.

Home Treatment For Drunkards

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

Costs Nothing to Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company, 248 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.
Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

Let Us Send You This $1 CURE for PILES TO TRY FREE

Just Send Us Your Address

We want to send a full Dollar package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Cure to every sufferer from Piles, Ulcers, Fissure, Tumors, Constipation etc., ON FREE TRIAL. Just send us your name and address. Return mail will bring the Complete Treatment prepaid and in plain wrapper. Try it according to the simple directions, then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit derived send us One Dollar. If not it costs you nothing. You decide and all we ask is your word.

"There's Relief in Every Package."

We are curing thousands in every stage of advance of this cruel disease—even curing old, chronic cases of over 30 years standing. Will you accept this FREE offer? Remember, only the satisfied pay. Don't lay down this offer until you have written us. Address

Dr. Van Vleck Co., WB48 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write us now.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Consequential Lost Vitality Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. ADDRESS, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

4,000 BACK AT WORK

Striking Express Men Wear Their Buttons.

New York, Nov. 14.—Four thousand striking expressmen went back to work today wearing their union buttons conspiciously. For the first time in two weeks the 1,1000 teams of the Adams, Wells Fargo, United States and American Express companies were traveled unhampered in all directions about Manhattan, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken. Slowly the great congestion of freight express packages was being relieved.

When the drivers, helpers and other employes of the express companies who have been striking reported for duty at the usual hour the company officials objected at first to the wearing of the union button. The expressmen explained, however, that if they did not wear the buttons they would be taken for strikebreakers by teamsters and others belonging to other unions and that trouble would undoubtedly result. The officials appeared to be satisfied and the men were promptly enrolled.

GIVEN RIGHT TO TALK

President in Letter Permits Ex-Forester to Submit Brief on Coal Lands.

Washington, Nov. 15.—President Taft, responding to the request of Gifford Pinchot, former forester of the United States, and his brother, Amos Pinchot, for permission to submit a brief on the question of issuing patents in the Cunningham-Alaskan Coal Land claims, has informed Mr. Pinchot that he may submit such a brief and advised him to forward it to the executive office before December 1.

Mr. Pinchot was thus informed in a letter authorized by President Taft, written by the secretary to the president, Charles D. Norton, and made public today. The letter is in reply to the recent communication to the president from Mr. Pinchot and his brother, expressing fear that the interior department will recommend the patenting of the Cunningham claims. Following is the text of the letter:

May Submit Proof.

"November 9, 1910.

"Gentlemen—I am directed by the President to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 7 and to reply as follows:

"On the first of June last the secretary of the interior invited the attention of the President to the Cunningham coal claims, consisting of 33 coal entries in the Juneau land district of Alaska of approximately 160 acres each, and suggested that, in view of the unusual character of these claims and in view of the public interest relating to the disposition of these claims, the President directed that no final action be taken by the general land office looking to the issuance of patents therein without first advising the President of the action contemplated. Under date of June 6, 1910, the President issued the direction recommended, and on June 8, 1910, this order was communicated to the commissioner of the general land office and that official issued orders to his subordinates in accordance with this direction. The President further directs me to say that if you desire to submit a brief on the question of issuing these patents, you may do so and forward the same to this office. He is not advised when the evidence will be submitted to him, but he thinks it would be well if your brief were presented before the first of December. Very truly yours.

(Signed) "CHARLES D. NORTON,
"Secretary to the President."

Mr. Pinchot's letter to President Taft and the reply of Secretary Norton constitute the only exchange of communications between the White House and the former government forester since the executive action dismissing the latter.

PLAYS KELLY FOR 170 HOURS

Phonograph Engages in War With One Next Door.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 14.—For four years Philadelphia has had "a war of phonographs," and the end is not in sight. Harry Le Dana and his next door neighbor, Fletcher Dumner, are owners of the rival phonographs.

At 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon the Le Dana phonograph had been grinding out "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelley" for 170 hours at a stretch. Le Dana and his wife took turns winding the machine and resetting the records. Next door it was the same way, with the exception that the tune was "America."

The row started when Mrs. Dumner, with her piano, endeavored to drown the noise making proclivities of the Le Dana phonograph. She was not a good endurance player, so her husband had to purchase a phonograph. Now the two machines grind day and night.

The neighbors declare that unless the families settle their difference they will apply to the police.

LOS ANGELES TRIPLES SIZE

Census Shows 211.5 Per Cent Gain for Second Coast City.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10.—The census returns for Los Angeles, Cal., given out the other night by the census bureau, give that city a population in 1910 of 319,189, and allows it to easily maintain its place as the second city beyond the Rockies.

Ten years ago Los Angeles had a population of only 102,479 which shows that during the last decade it has increased by 216,710 people, or 211.5 per cent. This is the largest percentage of increase shown by any Pacific coast city, and puts Los Angeles in the class of the five American cities with the highest percentage of growth. Twenty years ago the California town only had 50,395, the increase between 1890 and 1900 being 52,084, or 103.4 per cent.

Los Angeles does not crowd San Francisco for the position of the metropolis of the Pacific coast states, but it is an easy second. In 1900 San Francisco had a population of 342,782, just a few thousand more people than the second city has now.

HEIFER SWALLOWS THE CASH

Woman Loses Big Roll, but Gets It Back.

Spartanburg, S. C., Nov. 14.—While going milking, Mrs. Luther Calvert, who lives at Clinton, dropped a pocket book containing five twenty dollar bills, a ten and a five and three ones, besides a silver quarter. The money was missed an hour later and thorough search revealed the quarter, which showed signs of having been chewed upon by a calf.

A young heifer in the yard had a guilty look and a veterinary surgeon was summoned. The roll was extricated from the stomach of the calf in a badly mutilated condition. The bills were taken to a local bank cashier, who sent them to Washington to be redeemed.

ASKS MAINE FROM U. S.

Canadian Paper Urges Its Union With Canada.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov. 12—The political union of the state of Maine with Canada is advocated by the Charlottetown Daily Guardian. The Guardian says:

"It is high time that the statesmen of Canada gave serious consideration to the possibility, to use no stronger term, of admitting the adjoining state of Maine into the Dominion.

"A glance at the map is sufficient to show that the state of Maine belongs geographically to Canada rather than to the United States. Being now a foreign country, it is to some extent also an obstacle to the right development of our great transportation systems, while at the same time the state is shut out from the great and obvious advantages which must result from the union with Canada, already far too long delayed.

"We have, of course, no desire to seduce our Maine cousins from their present allegiance to Uncle Sam, and the Stars and Stripes.

"Any move in the direction of union with Canada must come from them, and with Uncle Sam's consent."

"HAPPIEST MAN" IS DEPEW

Senator, Unruffled, Says His Ambitions Are Satisfied.

New York, Nov. 11.—Apparently unruffled by the fact that his career in the United States senate had come to an end, Senator Chauncey M. Depew sat in his library yesterday and talked of his 54 years of public life that practically ceased on election night, when a Democratic legislature was elected.

"I am the happiest man in the state of New York," he said. "I am 77 years of age. I have been 54 years actively in politics and I think I can say that my ambitions have been reasonably satisfied.

"I was fairly certain that the Republicans would be defeated, for the change in the vote that elected Foss in Massachusetts, Havens in Connecticut, and Plaisted in Maine was so nearly the same that there was no doubt that the country was up in arms."

U. S. CORN CROP HAS LARGE GAIN

Washington, Nov. 9.—Estimates of the department of agriculture, issued at 2:30 p. m., give the total 1910 production of corn as 3,121,381,000 bushels, as compared with 2,772,376,000 for 1909; yield per acre as 27.4 bushels compared with 25.8, the 10-year average; quality as 87.2 per cent compared with 84.4, the 10-year average, and percentage of 1909 crop on farms November 1 as 4.3 per cent compared with 3.8, the 10-year average.

Don't Be Sick.

Read the Bodi-Tone offer on page 5, and learn how thousands have secured health through Bodi-Tone. It was first offered to the sick about eighteen months ago and since dy has a long list of cures in every state. You can get a box to try, without spending a penny.

NEW FLOOD IN PARIS

Suburbs Again Suffer as Seine Overflows.

Paris, Nov. 11.—The river Seine is again on a rampage. The rapidity of its current today forced all the steamers on the stream to suspend operations.

Prolonged rains in Eastern France have swollen the affluents of the Seine and the steady rising of the big river has caused renewed uneasiness in the lower sections.

The suburbs of Paris in the vicinity of the river bed are already slightly flooded.

The river Muerthe and its branches are over their banks, inundating many villages. Great damage has been done at Nancy, where 1,500 persons have been driven from their homes.

The valley of the river Moselle is flooded and many factories have been compelled to shut down.

All parts of France were suffering from the effects of the floods this afternoon. The quays in the southeastern part of this city were being inundated and workmen were making a desperate effort to save the merchandise that had accumulated there.

Superfluous Hair Ruins Your Beauty

Nothing Like Elec-tro-la, The New Hair Remover, Has Ever Been Known.

Nearly every person who has ever used a hair-remover has complained of the fact that it not only either burned,

He: "No, I Simply Can't Go Even A Pretty Face With Fuzz On It. Why Don't She Use Elec-tro-la?"

reddened or irritated the skin, but that it merely burned off the surface growth, allowing the hair to grow out again.

Elec-tro-la changes all this. It is the most remarkable hair-remover ever known. A free trial bottle of Elec-tro-la is sent to anyone to prove its astonishing results.

Elec-tro-la is absolutely harmless; it never burns, smarts, reddens, or irritates the most sensitive skin; it kills the hair roots, so that the hair is absolutely dead; Elec-tro-la will not harm the skin, even if left on for a long time; and it leaves a delightfully soft and refreshing feeling and appearance to the skin.

Elec-tro-la acts immediately. It removes the heaviest or lightest growth with equal ease.

Beauty is ruined by superfluous hair, and any woman's face is made hideous by such a growth. Elec-tro-la never fails. The regular price is $1.00 a bottle. If you are not satisfied, back goes your money at once on request.

To prove what Elec-tro-la will do, we will send any man or woman a free trial package, if he or she will just send the coupon below, with name and address, together with a 2c stamp to pay for postage.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON
KO-REC-TIV CO.,
5105 State St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me by return mail a free trial package of your wonderful Elec-tro-la for getting rid of any hair permanently. I enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. 9011
Name .....
Street No. .....
City ..... State .....

FROM SHIP TO LAND

Ely Speeds Away From Cruiser and Drops Near Fort Monroe.

Fort Monroe, Va., Nov. 15.—Aerial navigation proved yesterday that it is a factor which must be dealt with in the naval tactics of the world's future, if the successful flight made by Eugene B. Ely, in a Curtiss biplane from the deck of the cruiser Birmingham, can be taken as a criterion.

From Hampton Roads, the scene 45 years ago of another epoch in the history of naval warfare, when an ironclad proved its superiority over the former type of fighting vessel, the aviator flew across the lower end of Chesapeake Bay, landing on the shore opposite from this fort, a distance of five miles.

Well Tried Machine.

He used the same machine that Curtiss used on his over water flight from Cleveland to Cedar Point in July. With a broken propeller and in weather conditions unfavorable for flying, the daring birdman shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon glided from the platform erected on the front of the big, black cruiser, swooped down like an immense bird of prey until he touched the water, then rose rapidly into the misty air of the lower bay and was off in the direction of the broad Atlantic.

Four minutes after having taken his sudden farewell of the Birmingham, he was a lost speck on the eastern horizon, and an instant later had landed safely in Willoughby Spit.

Propeller is Broken.

The impact with which the big machine struck the water after its 37-foot drop from the front of the cruiser scarred one of the propeller blades as though a heavy, coarse saw had gone along its edge, and a small piece was split from the blade. But not for an instant was the speed of the aeroplane lessened, and it darted away with express train rapidity on its victorious flight.

Intermittent rain throughout the day, several small hail showers and a continuous fog almost compelled the aviator to postpone his attempt. But he was determined to prove, as he said after the flight, that he could accomplish more than had been expected of him.

Furthermore, he did not wait for the Birmingham to get into motion, which would have added to his momentum and thus have aided him greatly, but seizing an opportune moment between showers he was off before those on the ship with him and on the other vessels stationed at various points nearby to follow and assist him in case of need, were aware that he was ready for his flight, the first of its kind the world has ever seen.

BITTEN BY CAT—MAY DIE

Baby Asleep in Crib Is Attacked and Blood Poisoning Develops.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Nov. 14.—As the result of being attacked by the family cat the 4-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fay may lose her life.

The child was attacked while asleep in her crib and the cat almost chewed off the baby's hand. To prevent the death of the infant from blood poisoning it will be necessary to amputate the injured hand.

300,000 DIDN'T VOTE

Stay-at-Homes Defeated the Ohio Republicans.

Columbus, Nov. 12.—Three hundred thousand voting citizens of Ohio stayed at home Tuesday. In other words, one qualified elector in every five electors refused to exercise the right of franchise. In 1908 the total vote cast in Ohio was approximately 1,100,000. This year, according to Democratic Chairman Nichols and Republican Chairman Laylin it was about 800,000.

Mr. Nichols said today that Governor Harmon's total vote on Tuesday fell short of his vote two years ago, while Warren G. Harding's vote was far behind that of Andrew L. Harris, the Republican gubernatorial candidate in 1908.

Governor Harmon is, therefore, re-elected with fewer votes than he got in 1908, while his plurality this year is five times what he then received.

WOULD SLAY U. S. ENVOY

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 10.—Advices received here from Laredo state that rioters in Mexico City today attempted the life of United States Ambassador Wilson.

The report came from sources considered reliable. The attempt on the life of the ambassador was made early this afternoon.

The attack was the culmination of an anti-American demonstration which began last night in which two Mexican students and a Mexican onlooker were killed by the police in an attempt to preserve order.

Bitter feeling was aroused as a result of these fatalities and further trouble was expected with the break of day.

Texans Start Trouble.

Mexico City, Nov. 10.—The demonstrations against Americans are a result of the burning at the stake of Antonio Rodriguez at Rock Springs, Tex., November 3.

Last night the attacks were renewed. Windows in a dozen American business places were smashed. All about town shutters were hurriedly drawn and establishments closed. Forces of police appeared in the streets and kept the crowds moving.

Flag Trampled On.

While the police looked on and seemingly made no effort to prevent it, an American flag floating in front of a candy store in the business quarter was torn down yesterday afternoon by several hundred medical students and others, who trampled and spat on the Stars and Stripes. The mob then tore the flag to tatters. Photographs were taken of the flag desecrators before the office of the Diario Del Hogar, a Mexican newspaper, showing many individuals waving bits of the torn American flag.

Publication yesterday by several Mexican papers of violent attacks on Americans tended to incense the medical students who were the promoters of the demonstration.

El Diario Del Hogar was particularly violent in the expressions of animosity toward the people of the United States, characterizing them as "giants of the dollar, pigmies of culture and barbarous whites of the north," and asking "where is the boasted Yankee civilization?"

Shortly before noon yesterday a crowd assembled before the new Juarez monument in the Alameda and proceeded to the municipal palace, where several rioters were under examination by the authorities. A company of mounted policemen followed the crowd. From the palace the students marched through Avenida San Francisco, the principal business thoroughfare of the city, stopping in front of the candy store where the flag incident occurred.

Advanced Case of Consumption Cured in Four Months.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I feel it my duty to write you that I have been saved from the grave by Lung-Germine. Every one that saw me thought I would die in a short time, and my doctor told me he could not help me. Analysis of my sputum by the State Board of Health showed that thousands of tuberculosis germs were present. I was having hemorrhages very bad, and fever 103 every day.

I heard of Lung-Germine and began its use. At the end of two months my cough was all gone and I was gaining very fast. I sent another sample of my sputum to be analyzed and the reply came back that there were no germs whatever. When I began Lung-Germine treatment I weighed 95 pounds, I used the treatment four months in all and today I am well and strong. I weigh 115 pounds, and can truthfully say that I am completely cured of consumption by Lung-Germine.

Yours very truly,
MRS. LUCY BUNDY,
1403 E. 33d Ave., Denver, Col.

Cured of Chronic Consumption.

Dr. C. R. Wendt,
Jackson, Mich.,
Care Lung Germine Co.

Dear Doctor—

It is with pleasure that I write to you to let you know that after taking two months' treatment of Lung Germine, I am completely cured of Chronic Consumption. My case was diagnosed before taking your medicine by several local physicians, and they pronounced my case chronic consumption. They also told me that my right lung was so nearly closed up that not a particle of air entered it, and so to speak, was of no good to me whatever.

I called on my regular physician the 10th of this month again, and he tested my lungs. After doing so, he told me my lungs were sound as those of any healthy person. He was greatly surprised to find them in this condition. I must, of course, give Lung Germine absolute credit for the condition my lungs are in today.

I have increased in weight from 109 to 129 lbs., and so far as I can see, my cure is complete. I assure you that I will recommend your Lung Germine to anyone whom I may run across with weak lungs.

With best wishes, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA HAYWOOD,
Ogden, Utah.

P. S.—Please address all correspondence to me in my husband's name. Mr. Jas. W. Haywood, Ogden, Utah, Gen. Del.

Cured of Consumption Five Years Ago; Not a Single Symptom Has Appeared Since.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Gentlemen: In response to your inquiry I can say that Lung-Germine cured me completely and permanently of what was pronounced by my attending physicians, GENUINE TUBERCULOSIS. I used only two bottles of your Lung-Germine, and this I took in March, 1902, so you see it is over five years since I was cured, and there is not the slightest indication of a relapse, and not a single symptom has returned.

Before using Lung-Germine I was losing flesh very rapidly, had night sweats, and I had two hemorrhages. I assure you that I appreciate beyond expression what your medicine has done for me, and I hereby give you permission to publish my letter if you wish. Yours sincerely,

WM. BERLEMAN,
1948 Herbert St., St. Louis, Mo.

Chronic Bronchitis and Lung Trouble Cured Three Years Ago, and Patient Remains in Perfect Health to This Day.

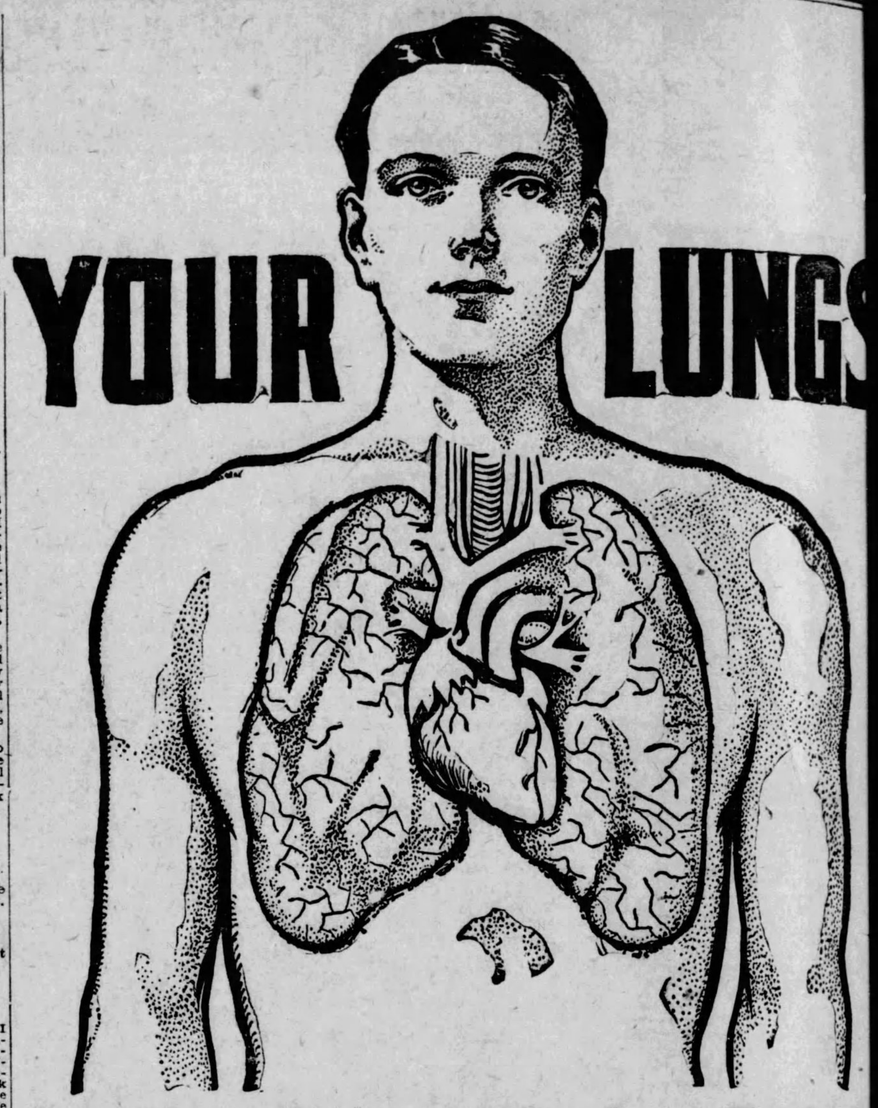
Following are a few extracts from a letter which we received recently from Mrs. H. C. Boldt, of Curo, Tex.: "I was permanently cured of lung and throat trouble by your Lung-Germine three years ago, and I am glad to say that I am feeling fine as silk, and I have not even suffered with a cold to amount to anything since I was cured. Before using Lung-Germine I had tried almost every known remedy and several of our best doctors, without relief, and I had lost all hopes of ever getting well. I recommend Lung-Germine as the only medicine in the world that gives permanent relief."

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.:

Dear Sirs: I take great pleasure in reporting the remarkable cure I obtained by the use of your treatment. My case was diagnosed by several physicians and was pronounced genuine consumption. I had night sweats, fever and chills, a bad cough, and was losing rapidly in flesh. I am positive that my trouble was genuine tuberculosis.

I used one month's treatment of Lung-Germine in February, 1908, and am proud to say that I was cured by this one bottle. I weigh at present 198 pounds, and am the stoutest man on the W. V. R. R. I am confident that Lung-Germine saved my life, and it does me good to recommend it to other people suffering with weak lungs; I want every one to know what it has done for me.

Very truly yours,
L. D. TUTTLE,
Hawley, Tex.



Are Your Lungs Weak or Painful?

DO YOUR LUNGS EVER BLEED?
DO YOU HAVE NIGHT SWEATS?
HAVE YOU PAINS IN CHEST AND SIDES?
DO YOU SPIT YELLOW AND BLACK MATTER?
ARE YOU CONTINUALLY COUGHING AND HAWKING?
DO YOU HAVE PAINS UNDER THE SHOULDER BLADES?

THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

WE STAND READY TO PROVE TO YOU

absolutely, that Lung-Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Diseases.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

It is not only a cure for Consumption, but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

We Will Send You Proof Positive---Proof That Will Convince Any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you proof of many remarkable cures; also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG-GERMINE CO., 812 Rae Block, Jackson, Mich.

ENGAGED 27 YEARS, WED

St. Louis Couple in Remarkable Courtship.

St. Louis, Nov. 11.—The St. Louis models of loverlike constancy have been found. They are Miss Victoria Fitzroy, 62 years old, and Oscar Severance, 68, who for 27 years have been engaged to wed, and who fulfilled their vows a few days ago before Justice Spies.

Mr. and Mrs. Severance are honeymooning at the home of Mrs. Robert R. Ghiselin, of 4559 McPherson avenue, niece of the bride, with whom they have been making their home for years.

It was on account of her nieces and nephew that Miss Fitzroy postponed her engagement indefinitely and put her fiance to a 27year test.

When Mrs. Thomas Moore, her sister, died, she entrusted to Miss Fitzroy the care of her five children. Miss Fitzroy and Severance had then been engaged a year and the date for the marriage had been set; but she held her sister's dying request more sacred than their love and refused to wed until her trust had been discharged, and all five of the children were grown and fully able to care for themselves.

Severance formerly was agent for the Pennsylvania railroad.

21 DROWN IN ENGLISH CHANNEL

Boulogne, Sur-Mer, France, Nov. 11.—Twenty-one persons were drowned in the wreck of two fishing vessels during a severe storm in the English channel today. One of the craft collided with a coast steamer.

Two other fishermen foundered and it is feared that their crews were lost. A boat occupied by four customs agents is missing.

HUGE "MELON" TO BE CARVED

Sears, Roebuck & Co. Decide on $10,000,000 Stock Dividend.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—A $10,000,000 "melon" was decided upon today by the directors of Sears, Roebuck & Co., the stock of which is listed on the New York and Chicago exchanges. The directors voted to recommend a stock dividend of 33 1-3 per cent. on the common stock ($30,000,000) to holders of record April 1, 1911. Ratification of this dividend by the stockholders at their annual meeting, February 27, 1911, is regarded as a mere formality, the majority of the stock having been represented at the directors' meeting today.

COST OF LIVING DID IT

Lyman Abbott, Friend of Roosevelt, Explains Democratic Victories.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, Nov. 11.—Denying that "the jack-o-lantern bugaboo of Roosevelt's supposed monarchical ambition" had anything to do with the defeat of the Republicans throughout the country at the recent elections, and attributing the tremendous Democratic victories to an everyday domestic drama in which old General Discontent and his corps of High Prices played the leading roles, Lyman Abbot, today gave out the text of a noteworthy editorial which will appear in the Outlook and which will attempt to explain the G. O. P. holocaust.

Dr. Abbott is the editor-in-chief of the Outlook and Theodore Roosevelt is the contributing editor.

While the editorial in question, it is announced, is written by Dr. Abbott, himself, it is generally accepted as having the value of a personal express on by Mr. Roosevelt.

The text of the article is as follows:

"Popular dissatisfaction with present conditions, especially with the high prices; indignation at the manifest control of the special interests of the tariff revision, and still more at the defenses and eulogies of the tariff bill; wrath at the corruption and the hypocritical pretenses disclosed in certain influential Republican circles, coupled with the forgetfulness of the fact that the exposure and prosecution were furnished by Republicans; a growing conviction that there was an alliance between the special interests and the Republican oligarchy with the belief that the easiest way to hit at it was by voting with the opposition; indifference in an election which many voters appeared to be a contest rather between persons than between principles—an impression which too personal campaigning tended to increase; a general inclination in America to make a change in political control from time to time, an inclination which the political conditions that prevail in some states does much to justify; some fears in certain quarters not less politically effective because wholly undefined, lest the spectre of radicalism should work havoc to business interests; the fact that the Republican party was divided between the insurgents and the regulars while the Democratic party freed from the traditions of Cleveland and the personality of Bryan, was for the first time in years, united—all these causes combined to bring about a political revolution.

Not a Revolution.

"But I do not believe the election indicates a reaction and revolution. The facts that in every state except Indiana, where there was a definite, popular, insurgent movement within the Republican party, that party succeeded in the election; that in every state except Pennsylvania, where there was no such movement within the party or where it failed, the Republican party failed of election; that with the single exception of the senator from Indiana no senator who was retired by failure to secure either a renomination or a re-election represents the progressive element in the party, that of the governors elected a decided majority represent the progressive rather than the reactionary element in their respective parties, including such representatives or progressive thought as Woodrow Wilson on the Atlantic coast, and Hiram Johnson on the Pacific; that the insurgents are insurgents no longer, but are recognized as leaders in the Republican party—all indicate that the election, which is a signal triumph of the Democratic party, is not a defeat of progressive principles and does not indicate a decadence of the progressive spirit.

No Fear of Roosevelt.

"Nor do I think that the Jack-O'Lantern bugaboo of Mr. Roosevelt's imagined monarchial ambitions cut any considerable figure in the election. The fact that the greatest falling off in the Republican vote was in the state of Pennsylvania, where his voice was not once heard in the campaign, is significant if not conclusive upon that point.

"The simple fact that a Democratic triumph was publicly predicted by both Democrats and Republicans eight months ago, and was foreshadowed by the enforced retirement of Messrs. Aldrich and Hale from the senate and by the Maine election in September; Mr. Roosevelt was called in to save the situation; he responded to the call, but could not turn the tide. He did something more important, he hearten the progressives in his own party, carried forward in his own state the work of party purification so well begun by Mr. Hughes, and did something to inspire with the spirit of good and national democratic progress the party of his political opponents."

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DEDICATE $3,000,000 BRIDGE

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 10.—The new Kinley bridge, the largest bridge spanning the Mississippi river, was formally dedicated today with imposing ceremonies. Governor Hadley, of Missouri, Governor Deneen, of Illinois, were central figures in the exercises.

The other participants included Kreshmann, of St. Louis, and the mayors of numerous cities on the Illinois side of the river and representatives of commercial organizations. Speechmaking, parades and fireworks were features of the dedicatory program.

The new bridge was constructed at a cost of $3,000,000 by the Illinois Terminal interests, controlling large interurban railway lines throughout this section. The structure commands attention not only because of the enormous outlay required to bridge the Mississippi river, but because it is also of great importance from the traffic standpoint.

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